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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894. NUMBER 6.

Poetry.

POEMS HERE AT HOME.

(James Whitcomb Riley's latest book.)

Dear Whitcomb Riley wrote to me and
said he'd sent his book—
Just like I had forgotten it, when every
thought I took
Through all its brimming pages—and I
never wish to roam
One moment from those tender songs—
the "Poems Here at Home!"

We used to know him down this way—
each valley—every hill,
Re-echoing with the songs he sang and
dreaming of him still!
No mocking birds make music, for the
fields have frosty foam;
But 'tis sweet to think he left us all
these "Poems Here at Home!"

How sweet he sings to us, although the
May time is not near,
And fickle flakes of whitening snow reel
through the reckless air;
But the larks seem soaring even to the
blue and bending dome,
And the world is winter—never, with
these "Poems Here at Home!"

They sing to us, they bring to us bright
visions of the past,
And with white arms they cling to us and
kiss us, first and last!
And the blue birds bend the wires, and
the larks fly from the loam
And the soul sings all the music of these
"Poems Here at Home!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE SILENT BATTLE.

Shall I tell you about the battle
That was fought in the world to-day,
Where thousands went down like heroes
To death in the pitiless fray?

You may know some of the wounded
And some of the fallen when
I tell you this wonderful battle
Was fought in the hearts of men.

Not with the sounding of trumpets,
Nor clashing of sabers drawn,
But silent as twilight in autumn,
All day the fight went on.

And over against temptation
A mother's prayers were cast
That had come by silent marches
From the lullaby land of the past.

And over the field of battle
The force of ambition went,
Driving before it, like arrows,
The children of sweet content.

And memories odd and olden
Came up through the dust of years,
And hopes that were glad and golden
Were met by a host of fears.

And the heart grew worn and weary
And said: "Oh, can it be
That I am worth the struggles
You are making to-day for me?"

For the heart itself was the trophy
And prize of this wavering fight!
And tell me, O gentle reader,
Who camps on the field to-night?

—Buffalo Commercial.

JUST TO REMEMBER BY.

Each heart has its hoard of treasures,
Safe hid from the curious eye,
Its tokens of bygone hours,
Just to remember by.

A rose from the old home garden,
A ring that the loved used to wear,
A mother's well worn Bible,
A tress of sunny hair.

A locket, a bunch of violets,
Together the treasures lie,
Dear fragments of long lost days,
Just to remember by.

There are yellow, time-stained letters,
All tied with a ribbon blue,
A box of battered playthings,
A baby's tiny shoe.

How oft in the hush of twilight,
Each keepsake we view with a sigh,
Then tenderly put them back in place,
Just to remember by.

—Alma Perdexte-Hayden, in Boston Transcript.

Miscellany.

THE RURAL HEGIRA TO CITIES.

People Flocking From the Country to Reside in Towns.

One of the remarkable social features of this era is the large and constant movement of population from the country to the cities, a movement that tends to rural depopulation. It is not confined to any country, or any part of the earth, but is most marked in the oldest and most thickly populated countries in Europe. It is also a movement of considerable importance in this hitherto new and the newest of all civilized countries, Australia. It is best stated, perhaps, as a disproportionate growth of towns, to the extent that in the past thirty or forty years there has been an actual diminution of the rural population in the greater portion of Europe and in many parts of this continent and Australia.

Perhaps this movement has been most marked in Great Britain and Ireland. The migration of population from the rural districts to towns was first apparent in Wales in 1851. It did not become of any importance in England until some ten years later. During the last twenty years eight counties in England and three in Wales have lost ten per cent of their rural population; that is, the rural population in those counties to-day is ten per cent less than it was twenty years ago. In some districts, particularly in the southwest of the kingdom, the decrease in rural population is as high as twenty to thirty per cent. In Scotland the movement toward the towns began sixty years ago, and Parliamentary returns show that the depopulation has been much greater than in England and Wales, but precise percentages is not stated. The Highlands have suffered most, but the Lowlands have also lost heavily. The returns quoted aver that the formation of deer forests, which necessitates the dispossession and driving away wholesale of very many families, has played no important part in the depopulation of the rural districts. This indicates that the same deeper underlying cause must be ascribed the great general exodus from the rural regions.

The depopulation of Ireland has been continuous and severe, and general throughout the country. It has not been a rural depopulation only, but a general emigration from both town and country. It began before the great famine of 1846, and has continued ever since. But even in Ireland, with this general decrease of the population as a whole, there has been a great increase in the population of many towns. Belfast has increased remarkably.

There seems to exist nowadays on the part of many rural-born persons an aversion to country life, and, it would seem, an aversion that is spreading. Reasons to account for this are plentiful, and will readily be conceived. Whether there is any remedy, and whether a remedy is required, are other questions.—New York Sun.

SAD END OF A ROMANCE.

Good-bye to the Moonlight Drives, Tender Whisperings, Etc.

The young woman sat by the window looking out into the snowy air, dreamily, when her reverie was disturbed by an elderly woman coming in.

"Oh," said the visitor, "excuse me. I didn't know you were absorbed."

"Come in," responded the dreamer, extending her hand. "I am glad to see you."

"But why are you so pensive? You look as if your best friend had died. What is the matter?"

The young woman drew her handkerchief hastily across her eyes.

"Ah," she sighed, "Harry and I"——

The older woman dropped her hands in her lap in a hopeless, despairing fashion.

"Don't tell me," she interrupted, "that you and Harry have quarreled!"

The girl sighed again, says the Detroit Free Press.

"The end has come," she said, "to all our moonlight drives, to the tender whisperings beneath the magnolia trees, to the boxes of caramels and baskets of flowers, to the sweet nothings in the conservatory as the dancers whirl in the ballroom, to the verses he wrote me, to the rivalries and jealousies of sweetheart days, to the"—

"Say no more," exclaimed the older woman, determined to set matters right. "What have you two done? Tell me everything."

The girl came over and laid her head on the other's shoulder.

"We were married this morning at 10 o'clock," she whispered, and the other woman's hands fell helpless once more.

Uncomfortable.

"Hello, Chimmy," said the messenger boy as he met an old friend, "ye ain't wearing de uniform no more."

"Naw, I got annudder job."

"Whut doin'?"

"Runnin' an ellyvator."

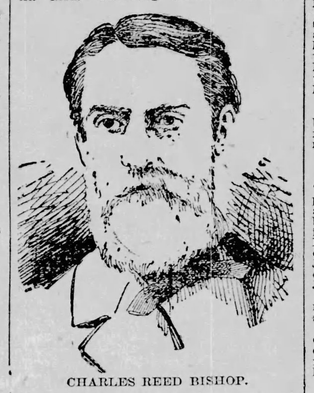
"Do ye like it?"

"Not much. De machine goes so fast dat I feels all de time as if I wus bein' hurried agin me will."—Washington Star.

HONOLULU'S ROTHSCHILD.

Banker Charles Reed Bishop and His Munificent Gifts to Charity.

Charles Reed Bishop, the great American banker, of Honolulu, Hawaii, has given between $500,000 and $1,000,000 to various island charities. This is more in proportion than any philanthropist has ever given in the United States, perhaps, as the islands have altogether only 90,000 inhabitants. Less than a month ago, it is stated by a correspondent of the New York World, Mr. Bishop gave his ranch of 85,000 acres, stocked with cattle, on the Island of Maui, to the Kamehameha Training school of Honolulu. When he gave this ranch to the Kamehameha Training School, which is for boys, Mr. Bishop also gave $20,000 in cash to the Kamehameha Girls' Training School. The lat-



CHARLES REED BISHOP.

ter is not yet ready for work, and this will help it greatly. Mr. Bishop was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., and is now about seventy years of age. He went to the Sandwich Islands fifty years ago, when to everybody, except the whalers and the missionaries, the Sandwich Islands were about as remote as the moon. He acquired a great fortune, and became a banker. He married Princess Bernice Pauahi, who was last of the direct line of the Kamehamehas, the reigning house of Hawaii. Mrs. Bishop was as charitable as her husband is. They had no children, and when she died she left her large estates, derived from the Kamehameha royal family, to found two training schools in Honolulu, one for boys and the other for girls. The main hall of the Kamehameha Training School for Boys is the finest building in Honolulu, and is quite as imposing as the best that Harvard and Yale can show. The entire institution occupies numerous buildings in extensive grounds and is wholly due to the maintenance of Mr. Bishop and his wife.

HOW TO WALK.

Some Suggestions on the Manipulation of the Feet.

It is difficult to attain a graceful unaffected, distinguished manner of walking. It can only be done by practice, during which certain rules regarding awkwardness must be strictly observed. Don't, for instance, look at your feet when walking, but hold your head well in the air. But don't hold your head stiffly tilted upward, nor too high. Don't shuffle your feet. A little thoughtfulness and a little practice in high stepping will soon break you of this ugly habit.

Don't bend your back at the waist under the impression that you are thereby walking gracefully. It throws the stomach forward, and it is almost as inimical to grace as round shoulders. Finally, don't allow yourself to walk "pigeon-toed," that is, with the toes turned in or straight. You can never be graceful in movement while you do. An ideal place in which in which to practice walking would be a long room with a mirror at each end. Though this is usually impracticable, you should by all means practice in front of a mirror, or you may only accentuate bad habits.

It is unnecessary to say that heavy shirts and tight corsets are quite incompatible with freedom of motion. Do not bother about the shoulders. Hold the chest well forward, and they will take care of themselves. Then, with the chin well up and the toes turned out, you may literally "walk a chalk line."

It is always a bothersome business when it comes to the management of the hands when walking. The natural way, to have them hanging at the sides or loosely clasped in front, is not considered elegant. And to have them glued at the sides as far as the waist line and then bent in at the elbow is not only awkward in itself ,but it elevates the shoulders in the most unattractive way. Therefore, most women try to obviate this difficulty by carrying something in the hands.

It does seem strange that the most useful members of the body should be so unpleasantly in evidence when they are not in use. But, however you elect to carry them, remember the first and last rule in good walking is not to hurry.—New Orleans Picayune.

A "RABBIT-DRIVE."

An Exciting Sport Indulged in in Australia to Abate a Nuisance.

"Did you ever see a rabbit-drive?" asked J. B. Dixon, of Texas, of the corridor man at the Lindell. "In the Panhandle of Texas the rabbits are very nearly as much of a nuisance as they are in Australia, and the problem of how to exterminate them is a serious one. Unlike the prairie dog, which moves when civilization reaches his habitation, the jack rab'it will remain very near the settlements and run the chance of being killed. Parties are formed to drive these rabbits. A triangle with the sides about a quarter of a mile long, and the base about an equal distance across, is formed with closely constructed wire fences or wire screening. The hunters separate very much as in a fox hunt, and, going in a circle, meet a short distance below the base of the triangle, and the animals suspect no danger until they are huddled together at the point. They try to jump the fence, and falling in that, make a grand rush to retreat. The hunters are armed with stout clubs and kill them by the hundreds. It is not uncommon for 2,000 or 3,000 to be killed in a single drive. The sport is an exciting one, as the animals are exceedingly quick in their movements, and will execute some very artful dodges to try to pass the hunters."—St. Louis Democrat.

Postal Strike Feared in France.

Some anxiety is felt by the French postal authorities and the public owing to the threats of a strike on the part of the traveling sorters who work in mail trains. These men complain of overwork, especially at this time of the year, and also of the insufficient pay for this additional labor. The authorities, although they cannot easily replace the sorters or ambulants, have refused to listen to their grievances, and hence the threat of a strike.

Made Noise Enough.

"The hen is kicking up a great cackle."

"She has just laid an egg."

"That all? I thought perhaps she had laid a Delmonico omelett souffle."—Puck.

Should Have Lived in Pittsburg.

Oliver Cromwell was one of a company deeply interested in making iron with "pit coal."

JOSH EMBERLY'S BAR'L.

An Incident of Life in the Barley Run District.

The landlord of the tavern at Geeville, in the Hemlock Belt, was all alone in the barroom the first time I ever entered that unique hostelry, one cold day in December, and I had scarcely closed the barroom door —the barrooms of these backwoods taverns being reception room, office and reading room, as well—when, taking his pipe out of his mouth for the purpose, he said:

"Josh Emberly's found his bar'l."

When I recovered from my surprise at this strange greeting, I assured the landlord that I was glad Mr. Emberly had found his barrel, but I had to admit that this was the first intimation I had had that he had lost his barrel, says Ed Mott, in the New York Sun.

"Night before Thanksgivin'," said the landlord, placing his pipe on the chimney-piece and poking up the fire in the fire-place. "Git out, Ring!"

This was addressed to an old hound snoozing at one side of the wide hearth, and was accompanied by a kick from the landlord's boot. The hound got up and walked lazily to the opposite side of the hearth and was soon continuing his nap there. The landlord resumed his pipe and his chair, and said:

"Cold day."

"It is, indeed," I replied, sitting down by the fire. The landlord took his pipe from his mouth, stared at me for a moment, and then said:

"Day before Thanksgivin' I mean."

"Oh!" said I. "Was it?"

"Desper't cold!" replied the landlord. "Too cold fer hog killin', so Josh Emberly put his'n off. Thought mebbe it mowt be all ready Thanksgivin' day. Josh had his bar'l all ready, though, to pack his pork in. Got it o' me. Powerful proper bar'l. Hated like p'ison to let him hev it. Wanted it myself. Pork bar'ls is skeerce'n June bugs in Janiwerry. But Josh he hung on fer me to sell him the bar'l. Funny Josh never told ye 'bout that bar'l."

I said to the landlord that there was nothing strange about it, as I had never seen Mr. Emberly.

"Josh ain't pooty sociable, that's so," continued the landlord. "Never did like comp'ny, owt ez well show hisself to ye fust ez last, though. Josh he hung on an' hung on fer me to sell him the bar'l.

"'Josh' sez I, 'bar'ls is bar'ls jis now.'

"'Know it,' says Josh. 'An' I want that bar'l bad,' sez he.

"'Josh,' says I, 'twenty shill'n wuth o' bad?'

"'Pooty blame hefty lot, that is,' says Josh.

"'Josh,' says I, 'bar'ls is bar'ls.'

"'Know it,' says Josh. 'Twenty shill'n it is,' says he.

"Hated like p'ison to let him hev it. Think Josh wanted it ez much ez twenty-two shill'n wuth o' bad. But I'd a-thunk that the ol' woman 'd a tol' ye 'bout that bar'l, anyhow."

"What old woman?" I asked.

"Josh Emberly's ol' woman, S'manthy Ann," replied the landlord.

"I never met her, either," said I.

"Bashfullest woman I ever seen, S'manthy Ann is," said the landlord, getting up to refill his pipe. "She'll git over it with ye, though. Git out, Ring!"

The old hound accepted his master's kick without protest and got up and walked back to his former place by the hearth and went to sleep again.

"Josh took the bar'l home," resumed the landlord, after lighting his pipe. "Was goin' to hog kill day before Thanksgivin'. Too desper't cold. Put it off. Thought mebbe it mowt be all right Thanksgivin' day. Couldn't be been a proper day fer hog killin' than Thanksgivin' day turned out. Seen that soon ez I got up in the mornin'.

"'Jane,' sez I to my ol' woman, 'Providence don't seem to be holdin' no grudges ag'in Josh Emberly,' says I.

"'Taint fer you to judge o' that, David,' says Jane.

"'Couldn't be a hog-killin'er day than this un, could tha'?' says I.

"'Tha's mebbe, that hain't got no hogs to kill,' says Jane.

"'Jane,' sez I, 'stick to the p'int! Couldn't be a hog-killin'er day than this un,' says I.

"Stumped her.

"'David,' says she, 'a hog killin'er day than this I never see,' says she.

"'Moon is right fer hog killin' too,' says I. 'Pork will shrink in the bar'l when it's killed this time o' the moon,' says I.

"'Yes,' says Jane, 'But here's hair cuttin',' says she. 'S'pose tha's folks that wants to thin hair cut,' says she. 'Can't get it cut this time o' the moon,' says she. 'Hair'd grow faster an' stubborner than pig weed, cut this time o' the moon, David,' says she. 'Mean to say ez Providence is smilin' on the hog killers an' frownin' on folks ez wants their hair cut?' says she.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the p'int! Moon's right fer hog killin', ain't it?' says I.

"Stumped her.

"'David,' said she, 'it is.'

"'Look at his bar'l,' says I. 'Couldn't hev a properer bar'l to pack his pork in than that bar'l he got o' me, could he?' says I.

"'Mowt a had twenty-two shill'n for that bar'l,' says she.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the p'int! Couldn't hev a properer bar'l to pack his pork in than that bar'l he got o' me, could he?' says I.

"Stumped her.

"'David,' says she, 'he couldn't.'

"'Settled,' says I. 'Settled that Providence don't seem to be holdin' no grudge agin' Josh Emberly,' says I.

"Spoke a leetle too sudden. Sot up fer a prophet a leetle ahead o' my time. Hadn't more'n eat my breakfast. In comes Josh Emberly, lookin' flustery, too.

"'Mornin', Joshua,' says I.

"'David,' says he, 'they've hooked my bar'l!' says he.

"'Josh Emberly!' says I. 'Not that identical bar'l?' says I.

"'Shullar an' the same" says he.

"'Josh Emberly!' says I. 'Who?'

"'Dunno!' says he. 'They've hooked it. Rolled it outen my dooryard. Can't find hide nor hair of it. David,' says he, 'can't log kill to-day?' says he.

"'Joshu'a' says Jane, 'don't waill,' says she. "Member that if yer can't hog kill to-day tha's a heap more that can't hair cut,' says she.

"'Jane,' says I, 'stick to the p'int!' says I. 'Bar'l's gone, hain't it?' says I.

"Stumped her.

"'David,' says she, 'it looks that way.'

"'Way? No doubtin' it. Josh Emberly's bar'l hed been hooked. Hunted high an' hunted low fer it. No use. Couldn't strike its trail. Josh tried to skeer up another bar'l. Wa'nt one in the shearin'. Turned to an' sold his pork. Foolish. Tol' him so. Orter hev' onter it. Yisterday Josh were over in Barley Run woods. Three miled from home fer sumpin' down in the bottom o' the holler. Went down to see what it were.

"'Jupiter Graylegs!' says Josh. 'My pork bar'l!' says he.

"'I'st tell ye on the bar'l. Surpin' scrumbled an' grumbled inside of it. Then sumpin' tumbled an' jumbled on side of it. R'ar. Trempenjus big ba'r. Josh an' Josh an' dog fer the barrels. B'ar had stole Josh's bar'l. Rolled it three miled through the woods an' made a winterin' place outen it. Singl'ar an' queer that. Bet; sey ain't never tol' ye 'bout that bar'l.

"I told the landlord that I didn't know any Betsey. He took his pipe our of his mouth and stared at me. At last he exclaimed:

"'Ain't you him?'

"'Ain't I who?' I asked.

"'Feller from the county seat. Goin'ter marry Josh Emberly's darter Betsey,' said he.

I was compelled to say that I was not the fortunate gentleman from the county seat. The landlord got up and gave the fire a poke.

"'Stumped me!' said he. 'Git out, Ring!'"

And the kick he gave Ring this time was such an astonisher that the old hound got up and never stopped until he reached the other side of the room.

ASHAMED.

Simpkins:—"Here are two cents. I should think a strong, hearty man like you would be ashamed to take it."

Nothin Innis:—"Taint nothin' to th' shame I feel going inter a saloon wid oney two cents in me pocket."

NOW BUTTONS REIGN.

They Are a Conspicuous Trimming of the Midwinter Gowns.

Large buttons and small ones, the inexpensive and the costly, all aid in adorning the latest gown. A dainty little French walking costume, just imported, is trimmed almost exclusively with buttons.

They are small and of exquisitely tinted mother-of-pearl. Ladies' cloth in the new shade of rose passe is the material used.

The skirt is rather odd, though it is designed with tailor-made simplicity. It hangs straight and full, while from the belt in the front three cloth tabs are suspended. The middle one is the longest, and each is resplendent with rows of small mother-of-pearl buttons. Near the hem the cloth tabs are again brought into use. They are arranged diagonally around the bottom of the skirt as a trimming.

The waist is a Norfolk jacket, with an elaborate collar. The jacket is laid in plaits and finished at the waist line by a belt of cloth. The sleeve is a drooping puff from the shoulder to the elbow. It clings to the arm from the elbow down and fastens near the wrist with six tiny buttons and buttonholes. The collar is known as the Russian, but differs very little from wide-spreading curved revers. Its foundation of cloth, covered with shaded moire antique, which holds in its creamy background tints of rose and pale green. At the neck is a fluff of lace arranged like a jabot.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

Manifested Itself in the Bad Boy's Planting Corn.

"Seems to me I ain't ever goin' to be able to sit down again with real, solid comfort," said the small boy as he lowered himself cautiously into a chair.

"Ouch! There is some folks as can never take a joke nohow. Yer see, my mother 'n' sister took it into their he'ds to start an herberryum—I guess that's what they call it. At enny rate they got a big box and had it painted all up bright and then they filled it with dirt and planted seeds.

"Well, I thot I'd put in a few seeds, too. So I got an ear of corn and shelled it and planted six of the kernels in the herberryum along with the other seeds, says the New York Herald.

"Rynby, after the ferns and pansies and that sort of stuff had begun to grow, one day the six green shoots poked their way up thro' the dirt, and when my sister she seen them—my! wasn't she astonished! She was tickled, too, as could be, an' she went an' called mother to come an' look.

"Well, they rez both was tickled that they used to watch them shoots every day and wonder what made them grow so fast. They was pleased, too, as anything, 'cause they said they must be something rare. Mother said I must 'a' some queer kind of fern, because it growed so, and sister she thought it was some kind of grass.

"Well, when I seen that the shoots was a growin' I took to sneakin' round to get scared, 'cause I knew they couldn't be pulled out without tearing up everything else in the box, and I knew that if they were left there to grow they would crowd everything out. So every time ma or sister went to look at 'em I just lit out.

"Well, a few nights ago we had a party, and ma was showing her herberryum to everybody and was awful proud of it and wanted everybody to notice particularly the six splendid big grasses that neither she nor sister had planted, an' tellin' 'em all as how they'd come up from seeds in it.

"I was a-feelin' uneasy all the time, tho' I tho't I'd die a-laffin. Rineby ma she comes along with old Mr. Atkins, who owns a big farm out in Jersey, an' she sez to him that they hadn't planted them, neither sister nor she, and that they must be something uncommon. Old Mr. Atkins he gave one look, and then he commenced to leff, and he leff and laffed till he like to died. He laffed till he choked, an' the tears run down his cheeks and he got red in the face.

"Ma got red in the face, too, an' I could see she was mad as ennything.

"'Rare!' sez old Mr. Atkins, as soon as he could speak. 'Uncommon! You just cum over to Jersey to my farm next summer,' sez he, 'an' I'll show you acres of them rare grasses. It's corn,' sez he, an' then he nearly had a fit.

"Ma an' sister were just crazy, and p'r'aps I didn't catch it—oh, no! But the wurst of it was that it went all over the neighborhood how they had planted corn in their herberryum, and when ma learned of that, why, I caught it again.

"But they had to pull the corn up and plant the herberryum over again, that's one comfort," and the small boy went and sat down in a snow bank and whistled merrily.

Opals Becoming Less Unpopular.

The prejudice against opals seems to be disappearing. Anyhow they are popular. There are several varieties of opal, and these fore several degrees of merit. The precious opal, or Oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or glass with a brownish red and yellow reflection—the former comes from Hungary, the latter from Mexico. The common, or semi-opals, are opalescent. The hydrophane, or "weeping stone," is non-transparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cacholong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper or wood opal is the petrification of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.—Lewiston Journal.

Lawyer Paine's Self-Possession.

It is told of Henry W. Paine, the Boston lawyer, who recently died in that city and who more than once refused a seat on the Massachusetts supreme court bench, that while he was arguing a case one day before Chief Justice Gray the latter interrupted the course of the argument with the impatient remark: "Mr. Paine, you know that is not law." The nature and manner of the interruption were of a kind to throw even the most self-possessed advocate off his balance. Mr. Paine, however, without any outward manifestation of annoyance or embarassment, replied with simple dignity: "It was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded with his argument.

Helping Her Out.

Miss Centreroom (from East Saginaw)—That lobster was delicious, Mrs. Van Wyker.

Mrs. Van Wyker—Yes; my cook did very well, considering they are so hard to open.

Miss Centreroom—You will have to let me make you a present of our favorite can-opener.—Brooklyn Life.

Boston Culture.

Mr. Wheeler—"I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson?"

Miss Emerson—"Why, yes, Mr. Wheeler—even the beans go through a course of Browning before they come to the table."—P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.

Neal's Only Venture Left.

Zanesville Times Recorder:—It is very fortunate for Larry Neal that his mother was a Methodist. This is the only thing he has left to recommend him to the public.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLIGHT.

The sun had set. Twilight was coming on apace, when a guard stationed at the camp on Meridian Hill was accosted by a lady on horseback.

The newly made camp was largely composed of raw volunteers, who had not had time to settle down into the hum-drum of daily routine. Volunteers were coming in singly, in squads and companies. The guard addressed was new to the business.

"I desire to speak to Captain Norton."

The guard promptly saluted her, then he blushed; he had doubts concerning the propriety of saluting ladies. His instructions did not comprehend civilians, and all womankind were necessarily civilians.

"Surely I am not mistaken—Captain Norton is in this brigade, I understand," the lady added.

"He is, Miss. He belongs to the regiment next ours. You can pass."

"No! I would much prefer to see him here. I will send a message, if you can find any one who will kindly deliver it for me."

The guard looked around, then shouted "Corporal of the guard!" A pudgy little man at a distance turned quickly and advanced to them. The guard explained. The corporal called a soldier loitering near, who was instructed to go to Captain Norton's quarters and inform him that a friend wished to speak to him. Meantime, the lady seemed restless. She toyed with the switch that served for a whip, patted her horse's neck, spoke to the animal and looked around uneasily. Her manner was undeniably nervous. At least this thought forced itself upon a silent observer, a sergeant who stood contemplating the guard and the twilight visitor.

The sergeant approached the guard and signed to him. The lady could hear them speaking, but was unable to distinguish a word. Finally the sergeant approached the lady, saying:

"Captain Norton is not in camp, ma'am."

"Are you sure—quite sure?" the lady asked in a faint voice.

"I am positive," said the sergeant. There could be no doubt about it now. The dim light enabled the sergeant to note her startled movement; he fancied her face grew pale as she bent low over her horse's neck. Once more he addressed the corporal. In low tones; his manner was earnest; the corporal disinclined to listen.

"Would it be too much trouble for you to inquire of the colonel, or whoever is in a position to know, when Captain Norton will return?"

"I will inquire, Miss," said the corporal. He strode away on the instant. The sergeant calmly contemplated the figure on horseback meanwhile.

The colonel looked fixedly at the corporal when the latter informed him that a lady desired to know when Captain Norton would return. Growing uneasy under the colonel's gaze, the corporal tried to excuse himself by making the inquiry, when the colonel cut short his stammering speech.

Tell her Captain Norton is not expected to return for a day or two, at least." The colonel turned to an officer near him. The officer wore his sash; his sword-belt was buckled. "You are sure the instructions I gave you were impressed upon the guard?"

"They were communicated to the captain of the guard, and I heard him instructing the sergeant."

The corporal hastened away; he was only too glad to escape from the colonel's presence. He realized that he had erred in some manner; how he could not surmise. But the colonel's stare warned him that he would be catechised ere long.

When he returned to the lady and repeated the words the colonel put in his mouth, he observed a change in her manner. The sergeant, looking at her intently, noted, first an expression of surprise, which suddenly changed to fear; certainly her face grew paler when she thanked the corporal. She turned her horse's head; another moment and she would be on her way to the city, when an angry exclamation from the sergeant arrested her.

"Stop, Miss. One moment if you please." The sergeant said in a loud voice. One hand grasped the corporal's left arm as he spoke. The lady heard every word he addressed, in low tones, tense with passion, to the corporal.

"You prince of idiots! If you do not obey me I will report you. The instructions are imperative—we have no discretion in the matter."

The corporal stood sullen; the sergeant glided past him suddenly and placed a hand upon the rein as he said: "I regret it is my disagreeable duty, but you must go to headquarters with me, Miss."

"Why should I accompany you? By what authority do you interfere with me?" The lady swept a scornful glance over the guard, the corporal and the sergeant, as she lifted her head.

"They are my orders, Miss. There is no use talking, you must——"

The sound of a switch cut the evening air. The next moment horse and rider bounded forward, while the sergeant involuntarily rubbed the back of his hand, that smarted with pain.

"Halt! Halt, there!" he cried, but the horsewoman was now 50 yards from him. The sergeant turned to the corporal: "You will be punished for this! I told you our orders were to arrest whoever inquired for Captain Norton." Then he raised his voice and shouted to a group of cavalrymen lying near him.

"Pursue her! Do not let her escape."

Three or four of the cavalrymen ran to their horses, which stood near, mounted and dashed off in pursuit.

The horsewoman looked neither to the right nor left as she urged her steed into a gallop, and rode straight toward the city. There was an interval of a quarter of a mile between her and her pursuers. This interval she was resolved to maintain until she entered the heart of the city in which case, she was confident, she would experience no difficulty in eluding them.

The shadows were deepening as she galloped onward; here and there lights glimmered in isolated dwellings. But now the sounds of the pursuers came nearer and nearer. The horsewoman turned her face to the left. Far in advance of his fellows, there suddenly burst into full view a horseman riding toward her like a meteor. The steady, uninterrupted rush of this strange rider, who threatened to intercept her, caused her to change her course and her plans. Whipping her steed, she turned to the right. A fence loomed up before her suddenly; her steed reared, trembling, the next instant it rose, took the fence at a flying leap and once more the animal was traveling at a killing pace.

The solitary horseman was left far behind her; either his horse refused to leap, or his rider was afraid to chance the risk. The horsewoman sped on into the city, selecting those thoroughfares least traveled. Far in the distance she could hear the reverberations of the hoofs, hot in pursuit. She was in the agony of apprehension one minute; the next she summoned all her courage, resolved to risk all upon a single chance.

Near at hand standing apart from all other dwellings, was one from which lights gleamed. Its exterior, dimly outlined, showed a veranda extending around the rear of the edifice. A clump of trees—they looked like willows in the growing darkness—in the rear of the dwelling, cast a deep shadow. If she could but reach that clump of trees, dismount and enter the house, trusting to blind chance, perhaps she would find friends there who would conceal her for a brief period—long enough, at least, to enable her to evade her pursuers, and to resume her ride to the Long Bridge. Once across that, she would defy her pursuers.

Fortunately, her horse's hoofs struck upon soft earth; the turf yielded beneath them as she rode straight on to the clump of trees. She could hear the hoofs pounding the road, the ring of steel and the jingling of spurs far behind her. Then, thanking heaven, she plunged into the dark shadow of the foliage, flung the bridle rein over a broken limb, leaped upon the soft turf, and ran, still in the deep shadow of the house, to the veranda, crossed it at a bound, opened the door nearest her, and closed it quickly behind her.

Then she stood like one aroused from a dream. Her faculties for the moment were benumbed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REFUGE.

When Miss Maxwell parted from the general that afternoon she was tortured with doubts and fears. Her nerves were tense; she felt at times as if she must yield to a paroxysm of tears, but her indomitable will asserted itself; she bore herself unflinchingly until she was alone. In the privacy of the room set apart for her by her friends, she yielded herself unrestrainedly to her tears. There was a tempestuous outburst, in which nature questioned the justice and wisdom of the Almighty. Brief as it was, when it ended the sympathy of a generous heart, was broader and deeper.

To assuage the grief of those bereft of the nearest and dearest to them, and to alleviate the suffering of the wounded and dying, whether friend or foe, was the first obligation to be discharged. Ambitious men posing as statesmen and politicians might discuss the relative attitude of the government and the states; humanity demanded the immediate discharge of nature's obligations regardless of the sentiments of the stricken. Whether they wore the Blue or the Gray it was all one to Nellie Maxwell—each and all appealed to her sympathy.

The war was a wicked war in her opinion; its origin deeper than the multitude surmised, or the leaders on either side cared to admit. It was not a difficult matter for one familiar with the history of the states to demonstrate that past generations in the North and South were equally responsible for the sowing of the seed harvested in bitterness of spirit.

Miss Maxwell prayed for the speedy end of the war, for all who were wounded in their affections. The evidences of the grief were not wholly removed when her door opened and closed suddenly, and a stranger stood before her.

Miss Maxwell's surprise was manifest in look and action as she turned around. The intruder was breathing rapidly; she half closed her eyes as she strove to regain her self-possession, placing a hand over her heart. That her unannounced visitor was pursued, alarmed for her safety, and almost exhausted was manifest; no words were required to explain that much.

Miss Maxwell was the first to speak. She advanced to the stranger with outstretched hands; she feared lest she would fall. The intruder gasped, as she sank into a seat, "Pardon—this —intrusion."

"It is not necessary to speak. Compose youself," said Miss Maxwell, "until you recover your breath. You are exhausted."

The stranger reclined limp in her seat; her head was put forward.

"They will be here presently—conceal me."

"No one will intrude here—at least no one will enter unannounced," said Miss Maxwell. She was asking herself mentally where she had met that face. It was not altogether strange to her. On the contrary it was impressed upon her memory. This moment she encountered the intruder's direct, questioning gaze, she felt that she was facing one she had met before. But where? In vain she strove to recall the time or place; her memory was strangely at fault.

"They," the intruder looked around. "I hear them—do you hear horses feet?"

"Quite plainly," said Miss Maxwell.

The stranger fixed her brilliant eyes upon Miss Maxwell, regarding her steadfastly. Evidently the face turned full upon her was reassuring; it expressed concern, sympathy. In the brief interval of silence that ensued these two women brought together as strangers recognized in each other qualities that commanded mutual esteem and respect. The stranger's face said as plainly as words, 'I can trust you,' while Miss Maxwell's seemed to say, 'rely upon me implicitly,' as she advanced and locked the door.

The stranger suddenly straightened herself, and sat erect. "What will you do if they come here?—they will be sure to search for me."

"Trust me. No one will enter this room," said Miss Maxwell soothingly.

"I only ask you to conceal me a little while—I must not—dare not remain long—only until the road is clear. I throw myself entirely on your kindness, but I must tell you I am from the South."

"I am a Northern woman, but you may trust me as you would a Southern woman."

There were voices and the sound of horses' hoofs on the road.

"Where will you conceal me?" asked the stranger, rising.

"Remain just as you are for the present, and try to keep calm."

The riders were dismounting in front of the house. The clanking of sabres and jingling of spurs foretold the approach of the pursuers. Presently a vigorous pull caused the bell to resound throughout the house. A servant opened the door. The occupants of the rear apartment heard voices in the hall.

Miss Maxwell opened her door, passed out and locked it. She encountered her host's daughter in the middle of the hall. An officer was lifting his cap in salute. A cavalryman stood behind him. The officer bowed respectfully, and informed the young lady that he knew her father by reputation, notwithstanding he regretted that he was constrained to search the premises.

The occupant of the rear apartment heard every word that was uttered. The sole member of the family present looked from the officer to her friend. Miss Maxwell, standing where the light fell upon her face, said, in answer to her young friend's mute look of inquiry:

"I am glad to know no harm has befell your father and mother. If I am not assuming, Stella, I would send a servant through the house with these gentlemen, and render them all the aid in your power."

"Miss Maxwell is our guest," said Stella quickly. She commanded a servant to accompany the soldiers through the house. The officer explored the upper rooms, but it was apparent that the duty was performed in a perfunctory manner. When he descended to the hall, he sent the cavalryman into the cellar after the servant. The light from the guest's chamber meanwhile flooded the end of the veranda. Sitting silently in the middle of the room Miss Maxwell and the stranger heard the captain walking from room to room. They heard the captain and the host's daughter approaching the end of the veranda, when Miss Maxwell rose, flung the door wide open, and stood on the threshold saying:

"Does the captain desire to search my room?"

The occupant of the room shrank back in her chair. Was it possible that this woman could be so base as to betray her. She put a hand over her throbbing heart, and listened anxiously.

The captain started. He was glad that his face was in the shadow, otherwise they would have seen the blood surging into his cheeks, and rushing up to the roots of his hair.

That calm voice and collected manner removed all doubt; it would be an insult to be guilty of an action that would indicate the slightest doubt of her sincerity.

"No, no!" the captain answered loudly; "it is not necessary."

He retraced his steps quickly. Meanwhile Miss Maxwell quietly closed the door, and standing outside of it listened to apologies the captain tendered her friend for disturbing her reading. He charged her, as he was turning, to give his compliments to her father.

Miss Maxwell listened to their receding steps. Long before the captain and his attendant vaulted into their saddles Miss Maxwell stood beside her hostess's daughter. Side by side they listened to the command uttered by the captain; then as the steady trot of the horsemen grew faint in the distance, Miss Maxwell said:

"I did not think domiciliary visits were included among the disagreeables of the war."

"They are not," her friend replied, "but this one at least varied the monotony."

"You are nervous? I was prepared to keep you company until your father and mother return."

"Stella laughed. "On the contrary, it was a diversion—it fits in neatly at the most interesting point of my story. But do you know"—here she looked at her companion quizzically, "I never once thought how I would act in case any one should seek shelter? Now I know."

"The last sentence with all the confidence of youth.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure. If it were the greatest enemy in the world, I would shield them at all hazards."

Miss Maxwell was silent.

"There! I knew I would shock you, Miss Maxwell. But I can't help it."

"You misapprehend my silence. I agree with you quite," she added, as she returned to her own room, leaving Stella immersed in her nov

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

How Soldier Tough Got a Good Horse—Texas Scouts Settle a Bet—A Nervy Teamster.

Told by Major James B. Pond.

One of the most daring exploits that came under my notice during the war happened in the autumn of '62, when my company (C, 3d Wisconsin Cavalry) was engaged in protecting the border of Kansas and Missouri.

Col. Barstow had ordered the entire regiment from Fort Scott, Kan., early one October morning, on a reconnoitering expedition. There was plenty of bush along the route, which gave refuge to bands of bushwhackers or "home guards," as they were called, with no better fun than firing on our column as it marched in close order.

This conduct very much enraged the scouts detailed with our regiment. There were three or four of them under command of William S. Tough, the most fearless man in that celebrated corps named the "Buckskin Scouts," and the best judge of horseflesh I have ever met. In the course of the march that day, he had captured several natives from whom he had obtained information that Capt. Ryan, with a band of from 50 to 100 home guards were camped on one of the creeks in the vicinity of Montevallo, Mo. The scouts were thirsting to take reprisals against the "bushwhackers," and nothing suited Tough better than to go into their camp. He was ready and willing to meet the whole Confederate army if it could be found. At a council of war, early in the afternoon, it was decided that the scouts should ascertain Ryan's whereabouts and report his strength. Capt. Tough with Walt St. Clair and Jack Harvey, two of his men, accordingly made preparation for the journey. I had some trouble in joining the party because of the difficulty in securing a perfect mount, which was indispensable for such an undertaking. Capt. Tough had to select just the horse he wanted for me, and to see that the trappings were perfect. He took care that I should run no risk from a loosening saddle girth. But finally everything was made ready, and with a final glance at our saddle-girths and revolvers, we were off.

"YOU'LL BE IN HELL IN ONE MINUTE."

We rode out from camp, which was in the opening near Horse Creek, to a prairie; we must cross that prairie to Montevallo. We had not gone far, when Tough told St. Clair and Harvey to take a road leading to the right, and where to cross a creek and to meet us at a point 10 miles distant. Tough and I were to go to Montevallo, and follow a creek where Ryan was supposed to be camped, about a mile beyond his own home. It was just past sundown. Within about a mile of Captain Ryan's home we met a young woman afoot. Motioning me to be silent, Tough approached the woman and said hurriedly: "My good lady, is that Captain Ryan's house?" The woman hesitated just enough for the keen scout to see that she was a Ryanite.

Tough reassured her in a smooth, Southern dialect that he was a friend, and an officer on General Coffin's staff. "I must see Captain Ryan," he said, "where is he? quick!"

"He just went to camp," was the reply. "He came home and got his bay filly. He left 'Old Buck' at home, to feed on corn; they've got no corn in camp."

"Where is 'Old Buck?'" asked Tough.

"Right beyond the meat-house," said the girl.

"Old Buck" was the most famous horse in the country. Ryan was a horse grower, and this was his favorite.

We rode directly to Ryan's home. Mrs. Ryan was standing at the door, as Tough accosted her in his hurried manner. "Mrs. Ryan," he said, after ascertaining her identity, "I am Major Johnson, of General Coffin's staff. Our army is just across the creek and the Federals are coming from Kansas. We expect a big fight in the morning. General Coffin has sent me to get Captain Ryan to join the army to-night; my horse is nearly dead. "Where is 'Old Buck?' Ryan and I are old friends. My horse is run down; I must take 'Old Buck'—my life is at stake."

Mrs. Ryan seemed to be magnetized. She led us to where "Old Buck" was quietly feeding. Tough saw at once what a prize he had, and lost not a moment in changing the saddle. We started at once for Ryan's camp, my mind filled with amazement at Tough's audacity.

We rode straight up to the sentinel in spite of his challenge, and there again Tough succeeded in deceiving everybody. In a cautionary whisper he told the sentinel of his alleged mission and asked to be conducted to Ryan at once. The man went over to Ryan who was standing by a fire talking to a squad of men and then returned to pilot Captain Tough and myself to the rebel chief's side. There the story about Coffin's brigade and his summons to Ryan was again repeated. "Say nothing to your men about your going," added Tough in a low whisper. "There are so many unreliable men and women inside our lines that it will not do for you to trust any one. I rode my horse down in getting to your house. Mrs. Ryan insisted on my taking your horse here; mine will be all right in the morning. Come, not a moment to waste. Be careful!" Ryan hurried to his horse, which was saddled as quick as lightning. Then we fell in. Tough said to me, "Lieutenant, you ride ahead; you know the way to camp."

I led. When we got nearly to Ryan's house, Tough said: "Lieutenant, let us ride past you, we are in a hurry." I turned aside. As Tough and Ryan were passing me I heard the "click" of a pistol lock. It was Tough's revolver cocked and held to Ryan's ear.

"I'm a Federal," said Tough. "Captain Ryan unbuckle your belt, and drop your revolver, or you'll be in h—l in a second." Ryan saw the situation.

"I am captured by a brave man. I give up," he said. J. B. POND,
Major 3d Wis. Cav.

Told by Alex. E. Sweet.

Absolute indifference to danger under the most perilous circumstances has been the characteristic of the Texas soldier from the days of Sam Houston. An illustration of this fact came under my observation in 1864, when Gen. Warren with several thousand troops occupied the town and peninsula of Indianola, on the coast of Texas.

The Confederate cavalry regiment to which I belonged did picket duty around Indianola, while the main force of the Confederates was encamped about five miles from the town. Every night a detachment of cavalry approached within a short distance of the Federal fortifications, watching every outlet, and retiring at daybreak.

One night two Confederate pickets were on guard on the main road to the town. They were "Buck" Graves and "Sam" Gazely. While thus sitting on their horses they got into a dispute. Gazely maintained that the Federal troops had evacuated the town. Graves admitted that the "Yanks" were laying low, so as to encourage the Confederates to make a night attack which was being arranged. Moreover, that very night, Graves, who had lived in Indianola, before the war, and knew every inch of the ground, had crawled up in the darkness, and located a large federal picket just outside of the trenches to the left of the very road they were guarding. Gazely, however, remained incredulous.

The result of the discussion was that they bet a pair of saddle-bags against $200 in depreciated Confederate currency on the question at issue, and proceeded to settle the bet by riding down the road into the town. The night was not so dark but that they could see the forts, houses, and particularly the cupola of the court house silhouetted against the eastern horizon.

After riding some distance Graves, who was equal to any Indian in distinguishing sounds and localities in the dark, reined in his horse, and said they were in the immediate vicinity of the federal picket. To this Gazely made some remark that implied that his companion was "skeart." Graves did not reply, but throwing his leg over the pommel of his saddle, in girl fashion, struck a match, and proceeded to light a corn shuck cigarette. He had not taken more than one puff when there was a blinding flash from half a dozen Federal muskets at point blank range. As is usually the case in firing at a light in the dark, the Federal pickets overshot the mark. The two Confederates turned their horses and rode slowly back A second volley, fired at random, rang out. Almost immediately a rocket went up as a signal to the gunboats; the long roll was beaten, and the double line of trenches were manned. The Federals believed that the expected night attack was being made, as I learned afterwards from a Federal deserter.

In the meantime, Gazely and Graves rode back to their station on the road. Neither said anything until Gazely remarked sententiously:

"'Buck,' them saddle-bags are your'n, I reckon."

A few days later Gen. Warren's troops did evacuate Indianola, on their transports and gunboats, to reinforce Gen. Banks, who had been defeated by Gen. Dick Taylor, at Mansfield, on the Red river.

ALEX. E. SWEET,
Co. A, 32d Cav. C. S. A.

Told by Major Joseph Kirkland.

A plain, flat and shelterless, half a mile wide, facing a hill, "Marye's Heights," seamed with stone walls, studded with rifle-pits, crowned with batteries and (to use the soldiers rough talk) "busy with rebs." Dotting this plain lie the dead of the Second corps. The assault which should never have been ordered had failed—hopelessly—and yet the Fifth corps was doomed to repeat the effort, and the failure.

Gen. A. A. Humphreys, an elderly and scholarly West Point engineer, sends forward the command that his division of the Fifth corps (lying flat to get some relief from the storm of missiles coming from the heights) rise to their feet and charge. From end to end of the long line the word is passed, and each regiment, as it hears it, stands up and waits for its neighbors to do likewise, so that the advance can begin. Each regiment after standing the storm idly and uselessly through minutes that seem like hours, falls flat to wait for the others. The roar of battle defeats the voices that would try to be heard by all at once.

Then what does that spare, grizzled, spectacled gentleman do? Accompanied by his whole staff (his own son among the rest) he rides forward through a gap in the line, and there, between the two armies, in full view of both, he gallops back and forth waving his sword and calling on his men to advance to their death; a command which, alas! is obeyed.

Whether by forbearance on the part of the enemy, or by the mere "fortune of war," the general and staff came off unharmed. But their act was the most thrilling one that came under my personal notice.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND,
Late Major, A. D. C.

Told by Private C. P. Young.

In the desperate battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, in May, 1864, when Grant and Lee were approaching Richmond on parallel lines, the Crenshaw battery, of Pegram's battalion, Army of Northern Virginia, was ordered by Gen. Harry Heth to change its position to another part of the field. While the guns were being limbered up, Gen. Jubal Early rode up and asked the captain of the company where he was going. The captain pointed to the position assigned him, when Gen. Early asked him who had ordered him to go there. The captain replied, "Gen. Heth." "Well," says Gen. Early, "if he has ordered you there, you would better go, but I don't see how you will ever get there." 'Twas a pretty warm place to have called forth such a remark from Gen. Early.

The guns were pulled out, the cannoneers mounted, and the horses went galloping down a lane formed by a row of cedars on each side to the new position assigned the battery. Notwithstanding the company faced three Federal batteries of six guns each, which had an inflade fire on us for probably 400 yards, for some unaccountable reason we escaped injury until we had gotten within 600 yards of the enemy's batteries, when their shells were skimming so close to the mounted cannoneers and the horses' heads that, as if by intuition, the men on the caisson in front of me dismounted, without orders to do so, while the remainder of the company kept their seats on the limber chests. Scarcely half a minute had elapsed after the men who had dismounted touched the ground when a shell from one of the enemy's guns came plunging through the particular caisson that nobody was on. When it struck, it exploded one chest of the caisson and the heat set fire to the next one, but it did not explode immediately. The driver of the lead team in his fright tumbled from his horse, and the team made straight for the enemy's lines. The wheel-driver, however (Chew. Coleman, of Spottsylvania, by name), kept his seat, although next to the exploded chest, and the heat set fire to his jacket, which burned through to the skin, and notwithstanding the flesh was crisping up, and he was suffering the most excruciating pain, he did not let go the reins, but stopped the horses, thereby preventing them from taking the team into the enemy's lines.

He then fell or jumped from his horse nearly exhausted. While this was going on two or three of the cannoneers jumped in between the exploded ammunition chest (which was now harmless) and the one on fire and unlimbered it and got out of the way before the flames communicated with the powder, which occurred two or three seconds after, when up went the other two chests with a terrific noise.

These I regard as the bravest exploits that came under my observation in the four years of the war, from Bethel to Appomattox.

C. P. YOUNG,
Late of Crenshaw Battery, C. S.A.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on The Blade's Book Table for Review.

"Government and Politicians, Ancient and Modern," by Charles Mascotte, is a book of interest because of the decidedly peculiar views of its author. He begins by reviewing the politics and policies of the leading nations of the earth. He compares the different forms of government and declares his conviction that republics are a failure, and that the only stable system is one founded upon monarchical principles. His criticisms upon the country, people, the political methods, etc., are many of them just and well worth careful consideration. That few will coincide with his final conclusions goes without saying, but there is no question but that he has brought together matters here that all interested in the future of the United States will find of moment. One thing is certain: Mr. Mascotte has the courage of his convictions. He has expressed them boldly, but with an effort at fairness. The volume is published by the author, 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

"Mademoiselle Miss," by Henry Harland, is a series of fine sketches published in very pretty form by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York city. It takes its name from the first, which shows how a true woman brings to men the memory of mother and sisters and an innocent home life. All of the sketches are charming. The only drawbacks are the numerous quotations in French, which detract from the pleasure of the reader to all unacquainted with that language.

"Richard Escott" is the story of a bad man, who makes a whole family miserable. The author is Edward H. Cooper and published by MacMillian & Co., New York city. It is not an especially pleasant story, though written with some force. The character of Richard is painted in strong colors.

From G. W. Dillingham, New York city, comes "The Greek Madonna," by Shelton Chauncey; "Miss Gwynne Batchelor," a novel by Winifred Johnez, and "New Things to Eat and How to Make Them."

"The New Minister," by Kenneth Paul, is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York city. This gives the experiences of a young man who went to a large church as its pastor and met with the ups and downs that come to all in such a position. His character is shown in vivid colors, as also that of the two young girls who bear so close a relation to him. It will give some food for thought in the right direction.

"The Settlement of Estates of Deceased Persons," by Florien Glanque, is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O. This is an entirely new and very valuable work, the text of which contains the substance of all the statutory provisions of Ohio on the subjects treated, and is also replete with general principles—this text being supported and supplemented by decisions from all the states of the Union, especially from Ohio, and from Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, from whose laws ours on these subjects have been largely taken. It is full, clear and reliable, and is logically, compactly and conveniently arranged. Among the subjects copiously considered are the making, construction, etc., of wills; the rights, powers and duties of executors, administrators, heirs, widows, widowers, creditors, partners, devisees, legatees, etc., of testate and intestate decedents, having either solvent or insolvent estates; and dower and partition. The chapters on some of these subjects, including Wills' Dower and Partition, are really complete treatises and handbooks of practice thereon, and the publishers considered whether or not to publish them as separate works, or to include them all in this larger one.

—Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

YOUNGEST EDITOR ON EARTH.

Bright Little Lady Marjorie, Only Thirteen Years Old.

Lady Marjorie, who is only thirteen years old, is the only surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Lady Marjorie has the distinction of being the youngest editor in the world, and her little monthly, Wee Willie Winkie, is almost an ideal specimen of what a child's paper should be. It is simple, natural, interesting, and I am plad to hear that it is likely to have an extended range of usefulness on the

LADY MARJORIE.

American continent, writes W. T. Stead in the Review of Reviews. Lady Marjorie is an interesting child, somewhat tall for her age, but still a child at her lessons. She does her editing in the intervals of play time. Like all the rest of the family, she is devoted to her mother, who is naturally very anxious that such a child should not be unduly forced into prominent activity.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

WILL IT BE BUILT?

Another Great French Canal Projected.

The French government is considering the expediency of uniting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean by a canal through France. Plans for the new water-way have already been submitted by a distinguished French engineer, and, according to his estimate, the canal will cost $150,000,000 and yield a net revenue of $7,500,000 per year, or 5 per cent on the cost. The canal is to be 340 miles long, 155 feet wide and 30 feet deep, so as to permit of the passage of the largest war vessels. Ships are to be drawn through the canal by stationary engines, and thus even sailing vessels will use it.

It seems impossible that the canal can be constructed at so low a cost as the engineer estimates, and the revenue is probably over-estimated, but the canal will be valuable in case of war, and will strengthen France immensely on this account. It will also weaken England by rendering unimportant her great fortress of Gibraltar; for commercial ships would use the French canal instead of the Straits of Gibraltar. In case of war, the war-ships of the powers engaged could not use the canal unless they were allies of France, and unless France were one of the participants. But as France is likely to be engaged in any important European war, and on the side against England, this would not lessen the detrimental effect of the proposed canal on Gibraltar.—Brooklyn Citizen.

It Depends.

A girl may be almost pardoned for throwing herself at a man if he is a good catch.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism, I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have a letter thanking me for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell any thing, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

No Deciding Vote.

J. H. W., Nickerson, Kan., writes as follows: "In case the President of the United States dies, the Vice-President takes his place and a member of the Senate is elected President of that body. Now, does this man have the deciding vote in case of a tie vote, or does he simply retain his vote as a Senator?"

We print this question, because in various forms it comes to us frequently. No Senator nor Representative can have more than one vote. The constitution gives the Vice-President a vote only in case of a tie. This is a provision of doubtful value. A deciding vote is never needed. The rules of both houses of Congress, and of all other deliberative assemblies, provide that, in order to carry, a measure must have a majority of the votes cast. But in a tie vote the measure has not a majority, and is therefore lost. Remember, a tie vote loses the motion in every case. A deciding vote is not necessary, nor is it ever given to any one except the Vice-President. No one ever votes twice on the same ballot.

Impeachment.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn., asks: "What are we to understand by impeaching the President?"

Why did you not look in your dictionary and see that the word "impeach" means "to accuse?" The federal constitution, Art. II, sec. 4, says: The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." Elsewhere it provides that the House of Representatives shall have the power of impeachment; that is, it can pass a resolution formally accusing the president of certain things under the above section. The Senate sits as a court to try the case, and either acquits or finds guilty. Impeachment is simply formal accusation, but the verdict of guilty. It is the same as a bill found by a grand jury.

Artificial Ice.

S. W. M., Greenleaf, Kan.: When a liquid is turned into a gas, the expansion renders much heat latent, and thus produces cold. When a gas is forced, by pressure, into the liquid form, this heat is set free again. This physical law is the basis of the manufacture of artificial ice. Carbonic acid gas is forced, by powerful steam pumps, into the liquid form. This is cooled by refrigerating mixtures. The liquid carbonic acid is then sent through pipes arranged around tanks filled with pure water. It expands into a gas again in these pipes, and produces such a degree of cold as to freeze the water in the pans into solid blocks of ice. The gas is again compressed into liquid form, and the process repeated indefinitely.

False History.

F. G. S., Bloomington, Kan., asks which of the following extracts is correct:

"The Democratic nominee, General McClellan and Geo. H. Pendleton, of Ohio, and declared that the war ought to cease."—Johnston's School History of the U. S.

"Geo. B. McClellan was the Democratic candidate; he stood firmly for the prosecution of the war and the maintenance of the Union."—Barnes's School History of the U. S.

The former is correct. The "war a failure" plank of the Democratic national convention of 1864 was printed in full in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of Dec. 28.

What is Sound?

C. M., Waldron, Ind., asks: "If a tree should fall where there were no living objects in hearing, would it produce sound?"

This is only a verbal quibble. Sound is defined by lexicographers as both the effect on the ear of sound vibrations, and the cause of those vibrations. Hence it is proper to say that sound is produced, whether there is any ear to hear it or not. So we send you the childish questions. They take valuable space, and are of no value in themselves.

Webster on Marshall.

M. C. H., Plankton, O., comes with that weary old chestnut: Of whom, and by whom was it said, that "when the mantle of the official robe fell upon him, it touched nothing less spotless than itself?"

This bit of flamboyant rhetoric was uttered by Daniel Webster, in a speech in the Senate, and referred to John Marshall, third Chief Justice of the United States. We sincerely hope no one will send us this question for the next dozen years, as we have answered it time and again.

The Cabinet.

Miss A., Gay's, Ill.: The present Cabinet is: Walter Q. Gresham, secretary of State; John G. Carlisle, Treasury; Daniel S. Lamont, War; Hilary A. Herbert, Navy; Hoke Smith, Interior; J. S. Morton, Agriculture; Richard Olney, Attorney General; W. S. Bissell, Postmaster General. Please paste this in your scrap-books so that we won't be bothered to answer it every couple of weeks.

Miscellaneous.

C. S., Ashley, Ind.: We cannot aid you.

Subscriber, Higby's, O.: We do not know.

J. N. C., Luray, Va.: See Farmstead for your answer.

J. C., Waverly, Iowa: Yes, certainly. Why ask us such a question?

Reader, Laketon, Ind.: The "Finance Primer" was never printed in book form.

S. T., Preston, Ill.: Send your full name, or don't expect answers. See Rules above.

M. P. C., Waverly, Iowa: Grant was undoubtedly the greatest general of the civil war.

W. B., Prairie Grove, Ark.: See Bureau in Weekly Blade of Dec. 21, for all we know about it.

W. C. K., Knob Noster, Mo.: Write to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., and inquire.

F. T., Hastings, Mich.: Write to the Commandant of U. S. Naval Station, Newport, R. I., and inquire.

T. G. B., Ritchey, Mo.: There is no way of finding out but by writing to the governors of the 44 states.

"Doll" must send full name and address, as per Rules above, if he or she wants an answer about twins.

A. J. S., Linden, Ind.: Petroleum is a general name for oil obtained by boring. It is synonymous with coal oil.

J. E. C., Swanton, O.: The laws under which volunteers enlisted from 1861 to 1865 did not specify what kind of dollars they were to be paid.

W. G., Leadville, Colo.: Governor McKinley is descended from Scotch-Irish stock. We do not know as to Senator Stewart, of Nevada.

T. L. S., Martinsville, Ind.: Address a letter, stating all the facts as to non delivery of a paper, to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

W. O., Bissell, Pa.: There was no President under the articles of confederation, and they remained in force until the inauguration of Washington.

W. R. P., Olathe, Kan.: In 1893 New York had 1,891,306 population; in 1892, Chicago had 1,438,010. These are the latest authoritative figures.

H. L. F., Lebanon, O.: Your question is too encyclopedic. Besides, it is simply a matter of opinion, because all persons would differ more or less in our selection.

F. W. E., Lockhart's Run, W. Va.: The state senate of New York stands 18 Republicans and 14 Democrats; the assembly, 71 Republicans and 56 Democrats.

H. N., Pingree, N. D.: Should President Cleveland and Vice President Stevenson both die before March 4, 1897, Secretary of State Gresham would become President.

B. F. R., New Richmond, Wis.: The nickel cent of 1856, with flying eagle, is rare, and hence is worth $1.50. Eagle cents of 1857 are worth one cent—no more.

"Two Schoolgirls," Bedford, Ind., ask whether the 24,000 acres of land granted to Lafayette by Congress, out of the unappropriated public domain, was ever located, and, if so, where? Who can tell us?

G. O., Ladoga, Ind.: Tin foil is made by rolling cast tin in a rolling mill, into plates, and then beating it thin, as is done to make gold leaf. Cheap tin foil is made with a considerable admixture of lead, it is said.

H. N. M., New Albany, Miss.: Decayed teeth might prevent your passing the necessary physical examination to enter the Naval academy. The character and extent of the decay would be considered by the physicians.

E. E. S., Green Mountain, Iowa, asks whether there are any government bonds made payable in "standard money." All bonds are payable in "standard money." All the different varieties of our money are current at par with gold.

J. H. M., Morrisville, Pa.: The silver eel—in fact, all eels—are oviparous. The eggs of the silver eel are microscopic in size, and it has been only a few years since it was definitely settled that they spawn, like fishes.

W. D., Martin's Corner, Pa.: When both a specific and ad valorem duty are placed on an article, it is always a manufactured one. The specific duty is to cover the raw material of which it is made; the ad valorem, the labor expended on it. The more work it has, the higher the duty. The principle is a correct one.

R. B., Glen Mary, Tenn.: We do not think that England ships any coal to us now; but if bituminous coal were made free, as anthracite is, there would large amounts be shipped in from Nova Scotia, where Mr. Whitney, Cleveland's former secretary of the Navy, is one of the largest owners of coal mines. Coal might be shipped from England as ballast also.

Subscriber, Chillicothe, O.: Senator John Sherman is not believed to be worth a million of dollars, all told. His money was made by buying lands in the vicinity of Mansfield and elsewhere—the growth of the towns, in the course of twenty or thirty years, making a very large profit. When a Populist, or anybody else, makes an assertion like that you give—"that Sherman is worth $27,000,000," ask him for the proof. By all rules, the man who asserts a thing is required to prove it, or admit its falsity.

OSCULATION ON THE STAGE.

Different Actors' Methods; It's Charming to See.

If there is one thing that the matinee girl knows more about than all the rest, it is the stage kiss. She doesn't go to the matinees fifty-two times in the year, besides twice in Christmas week, for nothing. There are a great many kinds of stage kisses, and the matinee girl knows them all. She chattered about it at the lunch counter the other day with her mouth full of sweetbread patties and olives.

"There's Henry Miller," she said, "when he's telling the heroine that he loves her he always closes his eyes and seems to grow pale. And Jean de Reszke has a tender way of taking the soprano's face between his hands, bending down and kissing the parting in her blond wig that is perfectly lovely—makes the little cold chills run up and down your back, like Paderewski's playing. Mr. Bell, Maud Harrison's husband, is the most chivalrous, high-minded lover, and deposits all his kisses on the corner of your mouth. In all the times I have seen him, and they are not a few, I never knew him to get any nearer her lips than her bang. You know the stage lover is so artistic in his respect for a bang, too. He is satisfied without rumpling it all up and smooching it over back until he takes the curl all out of it. It would be a great deal more realistic if he did, you know, to every girl who ever had a bang, but then, the leading ladies and soubrettes won't have it says the New York Sun.

"Barrymore swaggers toward a girl with a half-sad smile and a languid, weary look in his eyes. Suddenly either stammers over it in supposed confusion or comes out with it defiantly and takes his stand on it. Mansell glares and runs over the back of Kelly Kelly puts so much reverence into his kisses that I don't believe he enjoys it or the girl either. Otis Skinner is noted as an electrical kisser, and owes his training to Margaret Mather, a notable kissing star artist. Henry Hallam's kisses are so cold they just save the Casino star bronchitis, and De Wolf Hopper can make you laugh more with his kisses than any other way. Mr. Robson as Bertie, the Lamb, always delighted the girls. You know he told her he was going to kiss her—the most absurd thing, too. She bumt her head, resisted and yielded as fly any girl would after he asked her, no matter how much she wanted the kiss. He pecked at her pretty face first, her forehead, then her cheek, and then—a miss. But the greatest kiss was Alvary's Siegfried kiss. Forty-two seconds it lasted by the watch, and the music played softly all the while.

"But the actors do not do all the fascinating kissing. The Cayvan kiss just makes you faint sometimes it is so slow and sweet. I believe it was that lingering kiss of hers that gave the reputation for womanliness. In the play they have just discarded, the prettiest scene was the kiss between Miss Cayvan and Mrs. Whiffin. Anybody would know that cradle little Mrs. Whiffin and the leading lady loved each other by that kiss.

"Mrs. Kendal, too, knew how to do such pretty things with kisses. I heard a man say once in the Square he'd like to see who had persuaded her husband to write and announce the marriage to his mother, the way Mrs. Kendal suddenly stooped down and kissed the head with which he was writing was the most 'fetching' thing he ever saw a woman do, except perhaps letting down her back hair. You know a woman can do things by letting down her back hair before a man, especially if the hair is beautiful and wavy and there is plenty of it that she can't do in any other way. Mr. Glendenning the man who played leading parts with Mrs. Kendal on the other side, says that the first time he played 'The White Lie' with Mrs. Kendal he was a little timid about making the advance the part called for, and, seeing his embarrassment, she gave him a cue to the exercise and told him to act as unconstrainedly toward her as he would toward his wife, and not to hesitate to smooth her hair or caress her all he liked.

"The very cutest kissing is done by Marie Tempest. She has a trick of stealing her thumb nails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making an audibly audible sound. To all appearances she has the tenor's face between her hands and her lips pressed to his, whereas there are the hands between them. They say the tenors do not like the Tempest kiss, but it goes for Tempest is the prima donna. Well, I don't suppose any of them are as sweet as they look. For there is always the make-up and the false beards, but, worst of all, the people looking on."

HIS PROPER ATTITUDE.

"You know I love you," he observed;
His words were curt, his tone incisive;
A saucy smile her red lips curved
The while she tried to look submissive.

"But me no silly romance rules,
And if you think to find me pleading,
Down on my knees, like other fools,
You'll find your hopes are quite misleading."

Said she, "Although you are so rude,
I can't help wishing it I knew, sir,
Whether your stern resolves preclude
Your kneeling down to tie my shoe, sir."

He knelt to knot the loosened bow:
"And are you sure you love me dearly?"
She gently breathed, still bending low,
"With all my heart," he answered clearly:

"And wish you to become my wife."
Her laugh rang out: "Yes, if you please, sir."
She said, "I'll gladly share your life,
Now that you've asked me on your knees, sir."

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Providence Journal.

A sore throat, a Distressing Cough, Asthma, or any distressing symptoms inflamatory or Bronchial affection, are speedily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

To Polish Russet Shoes.

A man who has been wearing russet shoes says: "I paid 10 cents a lick to keep those shoes polished at first, but I don't any more. I saw that paragraph about rubbing them with the inside of a banana skin. I tried it, and it worked first rate. One day I had no banana peel by me, so I tried a small tomato, and that worked fine, too. Since then I've tried all kinds of stuff—potato parings, apples, carrots, turnips, I don't know all—and I find that they all work as well as the banana, or as the polish that you pay for."

Burning Garbage in England.

There are now 55 towns and cities in England which destroy their garbage and solid refuse by burning, and 870 furnaces are employed for this purpose. In many cases the heat from these furnaces is used to produce steam, and the power is employed in pumping water and in running the electric light and power plants and for other purposes.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

"I CANT QUIT,"

Tobacco users say. Ah! maybe you say so yourself. There are millions like you, with what physicians call a "TOBACCO NERVE"—that is, your nervous system is completely under tobacco's narcotic stimulant, and when you say, "I CAN'T QUIT," you tell the truth. The proper way is to treat the diseased nervous system by using

NO TO BAC

MAKES IT EASY,

because it acts directly on the nerve centres, destroying the nerve craving effects, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. Makes WEAK MEN STRONG. Many report a gain of ten pounds in ten days. You run no physical or financial risk—NO-TO-BAC sold under

OUR GUARANTEE

PUBLISHER'S GUARANTEE. We, the publishers of this paper, know the N. T. B. Co. to be reliable and do as they agree. This we

IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT. One box, $1.00; three boxes, 30 days' treatment, $2.00. It is GUARANTEED to cure TOBACCO HABIT in any form, or money refunded. We don't claim to cure every occasional failure, than is money. We have FAITH in NO-TO-BAC. If you try No-To-Bac, you will find that it is to you

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Book called "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Buy No-To-Bac of druggist or mailed for price. Address The STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago Office, 45 Randolph St. New York Office, 10 Spruce St. Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. (3)

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

All About Bees.

The editor does not know everything. One of the things with which he is not conversant is the bee industry. To fully understand apiculture, and all the varied things relating to bees, long and patient study is required. The editor has never applied himself to this special study as he has others, but to aid him in his work The Blade has brought to his aid the services of Dr. Mason, who has made a life study of bees and all that relates to them. He was one of the commissioners at the World's Columbian exposition, selected because of his wide information relative to bees and the bee industry. He has a reputation both in this country and Europe for his great knowledge of bees. The Blade has been frequently asked for information about bees, which the editor was unable to give. Dr. Mason will answer through The Blade Farmstead any question that may be asked, so that no reader of The Blade need go without needed information, when it may be had by simply asking for it.

Laminitis in Horse.

E. S. H., Erwine, Tenn.: Laminitis or founder is that with which your horse is affected. It is an inflammatory condition of the laminae of the feet. As the disease has been running for some time you are advised to have the horse stand with both forefeet in a tub of tepid water for half an hour every day for a week. Dry the legs each time by rubbing them until they are perfectly dry. After this give the animal a physic of 2 1-2 drachms of aloes and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda stirred in a pint of warm (not hot) water. Then give twice a day for a week in drinking water 1-2 oz. pulverized saltpetre. Rub around the coronet, or where the hair meets the hoof, a little of the following for a week: Biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. This should be washed off every two days, the parts dried and the application repeated. If you can get the following give it in preference to the physic or saltpetre, but use the mercury and lard: Flour of sulphur, 1 lb., cream of tartar, 1-4 lb.; saltpetre, pulverized, 1-4 lb.; pulverized "limseed, or strandnum, 1 pt. Make into seven doses, and give one every day for a week. Feed no wheat, barley or corn for at least a month. In cases where laminitis runs into pumiced feet or seedy toe, there is no hope of a permanent cure; and where a case of laminitis has run for a length of time there will be relief and sometimes a cure, but there is no certainty of the latter. In seedy toe all the dead horn should be cut away and stimulating applications used.

Horse Stumbles—Favors Left Fore Foot.

W. F., Jr., South Dakota: The stumbling and favoring of foot may be caused by corns, for which examine. A horse with perfectly good feet may be a stumbler, which constitutes a vice. In this case if the foot is kept short and the toe pared as closely as safety will permit, and the shoe is rounded at the toe, the animal may not stumble much, but a stumbler whose feet are sound should be kept to slow work. As to the slobbering or quidding, this may result from defective teeth, some hard substance between the teeth, or a diseased condition of the muscles of digestion, for which make examination. Regarding the rubbing of the shoulder and neck, this is caused by a small insect. Rub well with white hellabore and water. Clean the harness and rub them with hellabore and water. Do not use a curry comb without first cleaning it thoroughly and wetting it with the solution named. The horse seems to be suffering from indigestion. Give him first 12 ozs. raw linseed oil and 1 oz. spirits of sweet nitre. After this give once daily for a week bicarbonate of soda, 1-2 oz.; powdered gentian, 1-2 oz.; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. Keep his stall scrupulously clean, and do not permit the bedding to become wet with urine. Careful grooming is necessary to overcome indigestion.

Marc's Leg Swollen From Snake-Bite.

T. J. C., Tennessee: When healing has occurred after a snake bite, and the leg is left in a swollen condition, the enlargement is hard to reduce. It may be done at times by fomenting the part for a week with hot water, in which there is stirred a good handful of salt to a quart of water, and afterward applying iodine, 3 oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. Rub this well in.

Butter Slow in Coming.

J. W. J., Illinois: Without knowing your way of treating your milk and cream, the editor could venture to bet a big red apple that you make the finest kind of butter. The editor would venture to say that not more than 40 to 42 revolutions is made in your churn in a minute. This would cause the butter to come very slow, but when it does come the globules are compact and your butter is nice as can be. Do not find fault if your butter does not come within 40 minutes to an hour in winter time, when you are feeding your cows dry feed. With a good sprinkling of vegetables it would butter sooner. The best time to churn cream is when acid is perceptible, and an agreeable aromatic odor is given off from the cream jar. This is reached the instant when the lactic acid begins to break up into butyric acid by a chemical combination. The temperature of the cream should be about 60 to 62 degrees Fahrenheit, in winter time, and the time required for churning about one hour. When the butter begins to come, make the revolutions of the churn slower, and add a little cold water. For quick churning breaks the globules and the butter is not good. In recent numbers of the Blade you will see something about churning. If your butter is sweet never mind about its coming slow while churning.

Texas Lice on Horses.

L. K. K., Missouri: A good louse killer is stavesacre, 2 ozs., water, 1 quart. Boil for 20 minutes. Care must be taken that the animal does not lick this from the skin. Another treatment is, tobacco, 1 1-2 ozs., water 2 p

Talmage's Sermon.

A SERMON WHICH HAS AN OPTIMISTIC TREND.

Rectification of the World a Stupendous Undertaking—Will Require Omnipotence.

Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung Sunday by the thousands of Brooklyn tabernacle led on by cornet and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah lii, 10, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed, and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness is that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land, when a man proposes a special exertion, he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off, and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty; not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to the shoulder: "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung; more light than he has ever distributed; more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky; more green than that with which he has emerauded the grass; more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence; from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book, or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked. Hence, all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past, to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people are set to work the year round in making chandeliers, and lamps, and fixtures, and wires, and batteries, where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus; and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all except, perhaps, the fire-flies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the noonday sun was the word "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers and warmth and light? Out of a word building the place for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yes, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for the great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that magnificent fire-place made out of the one world—night's candle 8,000 miles in diameter. I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know: that our noon-day sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word—"light."

"But," says someone, do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, God must have cost Him some exertion? The upheaval of an arm, either robed, or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a song, says so: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered forearm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the ship yards of Liverpool, or Glasgow, or New York, a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cables, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil up the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched, but out on the sea, that steamer breaks her shaft, and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships surrounded that woundel vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Ay! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and of the chant of Paradisiacal bowers, has been sixty centuries pounding on the Skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am surprised that though in the dry-dock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text, and its comparison with other texts, that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits, as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which seem to require the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmins, or Buddhists, Confucians or Fetish idolaters. At the world's fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives could not hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and Juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world. In know that the missionaries, who are the most self-sacrificing and Christ-like men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built-up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea, these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaries who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the down-trodden of heathendom.

Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home, give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness, no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households in those heathen parts, is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If Satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette, or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the Temple of God and the Lamb as a broken-down church, and the House of Many Mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon Satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But, notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel, and we feel, that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized, there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 150,000,000 victims.

This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Bliseds, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bawens and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman, and the other on the heart of Christ, while its mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing presses at Beyrout and Constantinople keep on with their work, and the men and women of god in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of nations.

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white, and made of bleached human skulls.

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits, a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is going around. To rebuke that pessism, the Gospel of Smash-up, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out today is, that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's Park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshalled by the Rider on the White Horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe; but that time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and sound the battle cry of heaven with all-conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done, will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when, according to my text, Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of Omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of Eternal might leaps from its scabbard.

The complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches frequently but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form. Liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

A FREE TRADERS' LIE,

The Old, Old Scheme of Trickery and Fraud Again Examplified.

Editor Blade:—Some days ago the Democratic papers throughout the country copied an article from the Philadelphia Record, stating that we "had demanded the resignation of all Democrats in our employ," and that "all Democrats had to walk the plank." This was a pure and simple misrepresentation of fact, as no demand had been made on any Democrat or Republican, and neither at that time nor for weeks before nor since has any man been discharged or left our employment.

The Philadelphia Times repeated the article, but added to it that we "were discharging all Democrats, and our president would in future employ no Democrats when Republicans could be obtained." When this story got as far as Pittsburg the Times published the statement that "scores of Democrats had been discharged by us," which well illustrates the growth of newspaper gossip and its use for extreme partisan purposes. Still farther West and South our president was compared with the Czar of all the Russias, etc., and the statement is still extensively made that "scores of Democrats have been discharged by us." These statements had no news in them, but were used to prejudice people's minds against the principles of protection and to favor the Wilson bill without thought of us, any damage to us being merely an incident.

We submit to you that this is absolutely wrong in both principle and practice, and think it only fair to us from you as a newspaper that you should take notice of the case of the Kearsbey & Mattison company as an outrage on the use of the "liberty of the press." We ask you therefore to give this story full and free denial in your columns, as has already been done by many leading Democratic papers, and notably by the Chicago Inter-Ocean and Staats Zeitung, who made a frank and handsome apology for the error, and remain, yours respectfully,

KEASBEY & MATTISON CO.
Per Richard V. Mattison, M. D., President and General Manager.

He Might Live Too Long.

Old Hardcash—Yes, Miss Youngthing has given me some encouragement; at least she hasn't refused me. She says she first wishes to see my family Bible. I suppose she wants to make sure that I am no older than I say.

Friend—No, she doesn't.

"Eh? Then what can she want?"

"She wants to see if you come of a long-lived family."—New York Weekly.

Useful Tongs.

Salesladv—Those are lovely sugar tongs; quadruple plated. We warrant them for 25 years. If they don't wear we give you your money back.

Male Victim—I don't know; I think we need coal tongs worse than we do sugar tongs.

Salesladv—Oh, well, you can use them for that, if you like.—Washington Star.

The Camp Fire.

Very Coarse Fun.

Editor Camp Fire:—There was a recruit joined our company by the name of John Bray. One belonged to it by the name of Mark Caldwell, than whom a more mischievous fellow never lived. Bray was a regular mountaineer—rugged, honest, in his way a splendid fellow and a good soldier. Caldwell was one of those cute fellows, whose chief delight seemed to consist in discovering peculiarities in others, and making sport of them.

Bray was a broad-shouldered, heavily built man, with most singular eyes, long neck, wide mouth, and was knock-kneed, with large, pigeon-toed feet. Every time a recruit came into the company, Mark would go up, stand and look at him as though very much puzzled to make out what he was. Sometimes he would sigh, sometimes shake his head despairingly and walk off; but he was almost certain to return and make an attack. Sometimes he would look around, or over his shoulder at the boys, with a mischievous twinkle in his merry eyes, as much as to say: "Boys, he's a dandy—he's my victim, look out for some fun." When Bray came, Mark sauntered up to him, walked around him slowly, shook his head ominously, and said to him: "Where did you come from?" "Scott county," was the answer. "Are there many more like you over there?" Bray blushed, and hardly knew what to say, but finally ventured far enough to make known a doubt as to the intended meaning. Mark intimated that such specimens of humanity were not to be seen every day in the year. Bray was very sensitive, and nobody's fool, and soon became angry and rather demonstrative. This pleased Mark immensely, and the repartee became animated and acrimonious. Finally Mark made a feint at Bray, giving a fellow just beyond the wink. John struck out from the shouder with all the power he could summon. Mark evaded the blow, of course, and the force of John's sledge hammer carried him several steps, whereupon Mark's companion in mischief gave Bray a light touch with his brogan. Bray turned on the instant, and casting a hurried glance around, singled out whom he thought to be guilty of the indignity, and rushed at him like a mad rhinoceros. As he did so another fellow gave him a punch in the short ribs. This time Bray detected his persecutor, and went at him with a vengeance. The fellow took to his hees, and Bray, hair off, mouth open, and his long hair standing out behind, after him. The crowd raised a scream and the fun was at its height, but the fellow outran Bray, who came back, puffing and gnashing his teeth, and declaring he could clean out the whole ranch.

Mark was the happiest man in camp. Coming up slowly, and eying John shyly and suspiciously, he says: "Bray, why don't you Bray?" "Bray yourself, you big-eared jack!" retorted Bray. This, of course, provoked a great roar of laughter, and Bray dashed at Mark and the fun was renewed in all of its parts. At night, if Mark saw some other person, he said: "Bray!" the word would be taken up and repeated until it would swell into a great roaring halloo. Somebody started it one night on the Morgan raid, and it was taken up and repeated till it went throughout the division and back again, and not one in ten knew or cared what it meant. It became so annoying that the officers ordered it stopped, but with drawn sword had to ride up and down the line to enforce it. They could make sport of Bray, and have fun at his expense, but when it came to fighting the enemy he started to a finish, and was badly wounded at Blountsville, where Lieut. Chas. McBee, of our company lost his life through reckless bravery.—H. C., Co. G, 2d Tenn.

Good Shots.

Editor Camp Fire: While we were encamped at Harper's Ferry in September, 1862, a short time before the surrender of Gen. Miles to Stonewall Jackson of about 10,000 men, small arms, etc, orders were given that all lights must be put out at 9 p. m., as we were expecting an attack from the rebs, and did not want any signal lights shown. One night while the camp was asleep I was awakened by the boom of cannon and the whr-whr-r-r-r and sish-sish of a shell passing over the camp. We did not know till next morning the cause of the firing. We learned a battery had seen a light in a house some three miles down the valley, and by using glass we could see the gable end of the house knocked in and a larger opening than necessary for a window. We thought that a good shot, but saw many before the close of the war equally as good.

Again at Harper's Ferry the time Jackson had us surrounded by seven different batteries the one on London Heights opened on us. Their shells fell short and did little to do any damage. One of our batteries returned fire and the third shell exploded between the wheels of their cannon and silenced it. After the surrender the rebs said that shell killed 14 men. Was not that a good shot? We were paroled on the field, and transported to Chicago, where we had our first experience as skirmishing (as we called it). We went into camp at Camp Douglas, which had just been vacated by the rebs, and the graybacks were in thick you could see them crawling in the sand. In a few days we all went skirmishing, officers and all, no matter how good a shot we made, nothing but boiling water would kill them. The boys know that you could kill a reb as easily as a large grayback. Between graybacks and the rations furnished by contractors, we did not have a very pleasant time, and would rather have been in the field, which we took in the late winter and spring of 1863 in the Army of the Potomac, and from that time till the end of the war we saw many good and bad shots.—H. B. S., Co. B., 111th N. Y. S. V.

A Veteran's Recollections.

Editor Camp Fire:—No doubt a great many of my company think I have answered the last roll call, as it will be 29 years or March 6 since our regiment was mustered out. I enlisted at the age of seventeen, on December 18, 1861. We were out till March 6, 1866, after four years two months and eighteen days' service. I received a veteran furlough, but the rest of the time I was in the field. I have a very good recollection of all of our hard marches and forage expeditions, battles and skirmishes, with Gens. Forrest, Van Dorn and Marmaduke, and of running Price out of Little Rock. We had about half of the number of troops that Price had. We took a different route from that Price expected, and came in five miles below the town. Gen. Davidson crossed the Arkansas river five miles below with his cavalry, and made three desperate charges before he routed the rebs. At the same time we were clearing up our side, and our battery was doing good work by cross-firing the river.

A part of our company (E) met at Alma, Illinois, on Christmas day, and organized for a company reunion once a year. The next meeting will be at Salem, Illinois. I met three of my company, whom I had not seen for twenty-nine years; two I recognized, but one I could not, although I bunked with him most of the time. There is nothing any better than company reunions. Get together, boys; have a turkey dinner, talk of old times, and you will feel twenty years younger. —A. J. T., 2d Lieut., Co. E, 62d Ills. Vet. Vol. Inft.

How a Dutchman Charged Bayonets

Editor Camp Fire: When we were camped at Bacon Creek, Ky., in the winter of 1862, we were a mile or two from a cave, supposed to have been the home of Daniel Boone during his pioneer days. There were squads going daily to pass through. When it came my turn to go on guard I was detailed as corporal of the third relief. In my company was an old Dutchman who fell to my relief. As the old fellow could not talk much English, and understood less, it is not strange that he sprung a surprise on some one. That somebody happened to be our own colonel, A. R. Chapin, of the Tenth Wisconsin. I saw some of the boys crossing the old fellow's beat, so I went and told him not to let any one out or in without a pass. He said, "Byne Gott, I not let one man more pass my peat."

Directly a squad of boys came along, but he would not let them cross. In a few minutes up came the colonel with all his military airs. Old John was at one end of his beat but he did not stay there. He saw the colonel coming to cross at the other end, and he went as fast as his legs would carry him and yelled "Halt!" The colonel walked on. Old John brought his musket to aready and clicked the hammer. The colonel knew it was not loaded and went on. Then old John came to a charge and started after him on the run. The colonel ran and old John chased him clear across camp and into the guard tent. There the sergeant stopped him. The colonel turned to the sergeant. "Take that man off guard and never put him on again!" His orders were obeyed. The colonel was every inch a soldier, and not a coward, but he could not stand the bayonet charge.—Ira Houghtaling, Co. K, 10th Wis.

A Red-Hot Letter.

Editor Camp Fire:—In answer to the slanderous statement made by one Wells in the Camp Fire recently. I will say if he means Capt. Geo. Stivers's, Company K, Eighteenth O. V. I., three years men the roster of that company shows no such name, for which I am duly thankful. If he was the sneak and coward he says he was, I hope he will locate himself where he belongs, and not disgrace a good and honorable company. If Company K had any such a thing in it in the disguise of a soldier, the deception was most complete. Captain Stivers fell at the head of the company on the Stone river battlefield. Lieutenant McElroy succeeded him as captain, and went through to the end. Neither of them would have allowed such a friend to stand in line of that company even if the men would have tolerated it. If any ammunition in that company failed to do what it was intended to do, it was not on account of the treasonable perfidy of any of its members. This much in defence of old Company K who, like tens of thousands of other loyal and true men, have to listen to the vaporings of such soft-shelled sentimentalists as above referred to, who did nothing then, and do nothing now, but apologize and besmirch a record that every true soldier holds most dear.—T. B. Myers, Co. K, 18th O. V. I.

Splinters.

Comrade W. S. Reid, Company K, Twenty-fifth Mo. Vols. and First Eng. Mo. Vols., calls for his old comrades to come to the front through the Camp Fire.

Comrade Roberson, Tenth Ky. Cav., tells a story of raiding near Blair's Station, Tenn., in the fall of 1864, and his adventure, while capturing chickens. Who else recalls the incident?

Lieut. J. H. Mitchell, Company A, Forty-ninth Mo., roasts Comrade Wells without mercy, and wants to know: "What did he go out for?" A very pertinent query.

Comrade J. L. R., Ravenswood, W. Va., also gives Comrade Wells a severe scoring. He says: "If I had gone through the war firing blanks, I would not brag of it, but subside into innocuous desuetude."

Comrade E. A. Brown, Company C, Fifteenth Mo. Cav., wants to know if none of that company take The Blade? He says: "I cannot agree with Comrade Shockly as to the Missouri troops that were with Blount. Being militia, a portion of a number of companies of any regiment were along under General Sanborn, from Jefferson City, Mo., all the rounds to Carthage, Mo., or I believe Sanborn fell out further back, but my company went to Carthage and returned to Coal Spring, our old station."

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, billousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

LONG COATS IN FAVOR.

The long coat continues to grow in beauty. The latest confection which the modiste displays has a stoll effect in front. One of these new coats is fashioned of maure-colored cloth and reaches from the shoulder to the hem of the gown. Beginning in the back falling over the shoulders, and in two long ends in front is a cape-like affair of deep heliotrope velvet. The high rolling collar is of sable, and the long velvet ends are finished with bronze silk tassels. Ermine is used as a lining for the coat.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

A BIG D, BUT NOT A PROFANE ONE.

Why the Standard Oil King Assumed a Middle Initial.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire, got along in business very well as plain John Rockefeller until he began to get rich. Then he appropriated the letter D as a middle initial. Nobody knows what this letter D stands for, and nobody ever will.

The millionaire thought he needed a middle initial to round out his signature on a bank check, and he took the fourth letter of the alphabet because it looked well. His brother William, whose fortune of $60,000,000 was made in oil, too, never added to the name his parents gave him.

John D. has a son named after him, and the D in the boy's name is a mystery, too. These two are the only ones in the Rockefeller family who have more than one Christian name. John D's three daughters have short, simple names—Bessie, Alta and Edith.

A Moral.

My son, observe the postage stamp—Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.—Elmira Gazette.

The Sunday School.

Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.

LESSON V, FEBRUARY 4, 1894.

Golden Text—I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12:2.

(Gen. 12:1-9.)

LESSON TEXT

1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee:

2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.

3. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

4. So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

6. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land.

7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land; and there builded he an alter unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

Illustrative Applications.

Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, . . . unto the land that I will shew thee (v. 1). God's choice of a home for us is better than any choice we could make for ourselves. He may want us to stay where we were born, and to remain among our blood relatives; or he may want us to leave our country and our kindred and go to a land which he knows all about, even though we know nothing. The only question for us to settle as to our course, is whether God wants us to abide where we are, or to move forward under his lead. When that point is known, we can stay or go confidently. And God is ready to make clear to us our duty so far, when we are ready to be instructed and to act accordingly.

I will make of thee a great nation, . . . and make thy name great (v. 2). Our work and our reputation are in God's hands. There is no sure way of our being a power for good to coming generations, and of our having a good name in history, as by submitting ourselves wholly to God's guidance, doing just as he tells us to do, and being just what he tells us to be. Not every man is an Abram, but God is always God. And whoever shows such loving trust in God as Abram showed, may be sure that God will make him more of a blessing to the world, and give him a better name in the world than he could secure in any other way.

I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse (v. 3). Blessing and cursing are for the Lord to attend to. He who is in the Lord's service can leave it to the Lord to take care of these who help, and those who oppose, the Lord's servants. Yet so many of us seem to think that we have to do the blessing and the cursing which is called for along our path of duty! If we need friends and helpers, we are tempted to stop work and look them up. If we are opposed and slandered and hindered, we feel that we ought to spend time defending ourselves, and silencing those who are against us. Yet there is no better way than for us to do our work, and trust the Lord to do his. Blessing and cursing are not our business.

So Abram went as the Lord had spoken unto him (v. 4). There is no better way to do than to do just as the Lord directs. The question is not what seems pleasant, or what seems reasonable, or what seems safe, but it is, What has the Lord ordered? When the Lord found one man in all the world who was ready to do just as the Lord directed, the Lord was ready to begin history anew, and to take a fresh start with that man in the way of blessing the whole human race. Wherever there is a man (or a woman or child) nowadays with a like willing spirit, the Lord is ready to make use of that person for his purposes of good. Do you know any one of that sort?

They went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came (v. 5). If a man starts to go where God tells him to go, the man will get there. No matter how rough the road or what happens on the road, if the Lord is leading a servant of his to the end of that road, the servant will reach the road's end. But if a man has chosen his own road, or is seeking his own interest while he journeys, there is no certainty that he will complete the course he has planned for. If God's plans include our reaching the end of the road, nothing can keep us from that end; and if, indeed, God's plans include our dying on the way he has pointed out to us, there is no better place for us to die than just there.

And there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him (v. 7). God is a Spirit, and he is to be worshiped in spirit. God needs no offerings from man, and God can commune with man without the medium of any material agency. But the man who loves will want to express his love. And he who has experienced God's special favor will be moved to show in some way that he is grateful for this favor of God. Worship is a prompting of the loving trusting heart. Wherever there is a sincere and devoted servant of God, there will be found an altar of some kind bearing witness to that fact. In the bed-chamber, in the family circle, at the household meal, in the place of social prayer, in the sanctuary, he who loves God will have his altar of worship; and the absence of an altar would indicate a lack of overflowing love.—H Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

FOR INDIGESTION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. DANFORTH, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "It is in daily use here by hundreds of my acquaintances and patients, principally for stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., with the best of effect."

Threatening Shakes of the Fist.

I would observe says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, that the shaking of the clinched hand as a demonstration of hostility has apparently no relation in its origin with the custom of using the fists after the manner of the pugilist. The gesture is in use all the world over, but the custom of fighting is not. Only in this is strictly local and does not appear to have any very great antiquity. A Frenchman or an Italian will shake his fist much more readily than an Englishman, yet the art of fighting has not attained to that pitch of civilization marked by the custom of arriving at an agreement by the disputants pounding one another's features. In very rare cases, except where the demonstrator has some familiarity with the art of boxing, and has not lost all self-control, the fist is not displayed in a manner which suggests its use as a punching organ, but is held as high as the head with the line of the knuckles vertical; in exactly the position, in fact, as though the fingers grasped a weapon. To shake a spear or a club at a foe is a common way of conveying a threat among all primitive savages, and if no weapon is within reach an expressive pantomime of the action is performed with the hand only. It is not worthy that women and girls (who are less specialized than men as regards such matters, and whose instinctive actions are therefore much more valuable to the naturalist) not only shake the fist in this way, but generally persist in holding the hand in some unscientific position when they endeavor to emulate the pugnacious sex.

Don't Take Peanuts to Church.

Justice Schenchel, of Baltimore, decided recently that eating peanuts in church was a crime and fined two negroes $10 for committing such an offense.

Sang to Live.

Teachers in Baden and other parts of Germany a hundred years ago were so poorly paid that they used to go about singing in front of the houses in the evening to earn a few extra pennies.

Rare Sitka Dish.

A dainty feast was spread not long ago by a tribe of Sitka Indians to entertain some visitors from other tribes. The rare dish of the feast consisted of last season's wild strawberries preserved in seal oil.

TWO DUCHESSES OF DEVONSHIRE.

Gainsborough's Celebrated Picture—The Present Duchess.

Here we have portraits of two Duchesses of Devonshire—one famous because she was beautiful, because a great painter depicted her on canvas, and because that canvas was stolen and has not yet been recovered: the other, also beautiful, the wife of the Duke of Devonshire, formerly Marquis of Hartington, the statesman. Everybody knows, or ought to know, something about Gainsborough's celebrated picture, for it was admitted a great work of art by a great artist, and has been engraved and photographed, or reproduced in other ways, times out of number.

The story goes that this picture was bought in 1830 for £20 by a picture restorer, who sold it to a customer for £60, a transaction he had cause afterwards to regret. In 1876 the collection of the purchaser came into the market, and at the auction in Messrs. Christie's sale rooms the competition was keen. Ultimately it was knocked down to Messrs. Agnew, the picture dealers, for £10,000. A high figure truly; but, however, the highest sum ever given for a picture, but certainly the largest sum ever paid for one at these sale rooms. Messrs. Agnew exhibited their newly acquired treasure in their galleries, and thousands crowded to see it. But lo! on the morning of May 24, 1876, it was discovered that the canvas had been cut from the frame—the life and soul had gone, the shell alone remained. Who the perpetrator of this vile theft was is not known to this day, even though the firm offered a reward of £1,000 for the recovery of the precious work. It must, however, be explained that the owners insist upon the guilty person giving himself up as well as the picture. The present holder (he may not be a thief) has in an indirect way made offers to return the work at a certain price, but the negotiations have come to naught. He should send it without more ado to Messrs. Agnew, and trust to their generosity. No advantage

can accrue to him for retaining it. All the world now knows to whom it belongs, and no respectable English or foreign dealer will care to bargain with him about it.

The present Duchess of Devonshire, though born in 1832, retains all her good looks. She is the daughter of the late Count von Alton, of Hanover, and in her earlier years was on friendly terms with her present husband. The friendship did not ripen into matrimony, for she married the Duke of Manchester, grandfather of the present peer. In the years that followed the ancient friendship between Lord Hartington and the Duchess was maintained, and he was a frequent guest of her husband at their fine old seat—Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire. When Lord Hartington was foreign secretary, during the Egyptian troubles, the little village telegraph office used to be crowded with

imported telegraph clerks transmitting important dispatches, which required his attention even on his pleasure visits. In 1890 the Duke of Manchester died in Italy, and it was generally expected that, after a decent interval, the duchess would marry her old admirer. The death of the second duke, better known as Viscount Mandeville, and then of the Duke of Devonshire, delayed the union for some months, but last year it took place. The duchess is credited with the intention of reviving the hospitable traditions of Devonshire House, and, as the wife of the leader of the Liberal Unionist party, she is likely to play an important part in current politics.—New Castle (Eng.) Chronicle.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches. Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

An Author's Wife.

Count Tolstoi is said to have reproduced in the courtship of Levin and Kitty, in Anna Karenina, where the lovers only pronounce the first letters of the words they wish to say to each other, the wooing of his wife and himself. Madame Tolstoi is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow university at the age of 17, was married when she was 18, and her husband 20 years older, and is now, after 31 years of married life, the mother of nine living children, and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task of which the difficulty is increased by the self-invented short-hand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his compositions. Even his wife is not allowed to interrupt him when he is engaged in the first draught of an important work, and at such times he writes nearly all day, and sometimes far into the night.

An American Physician.

Dr. S Elizabeth Winter, who has sailed for Kolapoor, Southwest India, to take charge of a hospital for native women conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, is a graduate of the Woman's Medical college of Philadelphia, and was formerly resident physician of the Philadelphia Lying-in Charity and Nurses' school. She also passed a term as resident physician at the state asylum for the insane at St. Peter, Minn., and has had a wide and excellent hospital experience.

Poultry Which Pays.

Large breeds of poultry do not pay so well as the average or smaller sizes. They eat twice as much and their eggs are larger. An egg is an egg, and big eggs sell for no more than those of average size. A moderate-sized breed is the best investment for a man's money if he is raising poultry for profit.

Stealing Canary Birds.

A Massachusetts thief has been systematically stealing canary birds. The theory is that he carries a ladder, opens second-story windows, as these are usually left unfastened, quietly unhooks the cage and carries off the songster. The police have not yet apprehended him.

Swear Not at All.

Binks—Do you use a fountain pen?
Winks—Not since I joined the church.—Truth.

PERFECT MANHOOD!

How attained—how restored—how preserved. Ordinary works on Physiology will not tell you; the doctors can't or won't; but all the same you wish to know. Your **SEXUAL POWERS** are the Key to Life and its reproduction. Our book lays bare the truth. Every man who would regain sexual vigor lost through folly or developmen:bers weak by nature or wasted by disease, should write for our sealed book, "Perfect Manhood." No charge. Address (in confidence),

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

A SNOWDROP TREE.

Here is an Oddity That Will Please the Little Folks.

By means of the following device you can make a very pretty and novel decoration for the table. Incline a wax candle over a glass of water. As each drop of melted wax falls into the water it instantly takes the form of a white cup,

HOW TO MAKE A SNOWDROP TREE.

somewhat resembling the flower of the snowdrop. These cups you can vary in size according to the inclination of the candle. Now, take a piece of fine wire and slightly curve at one end. Heat the straight end of the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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A NEW ANNOUNCEMENT.

A New Premium for Blade Readers That Will be Prized by Every One.

With the issue of The Blade for February 1 we shall announce the terms on which we will furnish an entirely new premium which every reader of The Blade will desire to have, and which every one can very easily get.

It is not a "renewal" premium, and hence any one who desires the "Nasby Letters," need not hesitate to renew, and get the book. It is a premium for any and every subscriber, who wishes to spend a little of his spare time in working for it.

We are sure that when you read the announcement in the issue of February 1, you will be anxious to obtain this premium, and will consider the conditions extremely easy.

The premium will not be allowed on any renewal subscription, consequently those whose time expires this month need not wait for it. In a word, we mean that we are going to make the most extraordinary offer to those now taking The Blade, who will send us one new subscriber. Suppose, for instance, we should offer $1, or the value of $1, to every subscriber sending us one new subscriber? Well, this is just about what we propose to offer. It will be well worth your while to take hold of it.

We can promise that the premium will be something that every person, young and old, will be interested in, and will be anxious to possess. In fact, we do not think we have ever offered anything that will be as eagerly sought as this, or anything that was really of greater value. Look out for the announcement in The Blade of February 1, and read it very carefully, so that you will make no mistake in the matter!

UP WITH OUR ORDERS.

We are glad to say that we are now up with our orders for the "Nasby Letters," and all orders are now filled on the day of their receipt. We hope to keep up with them in the future, and will be able to do so if our friends who renew will be prompt, and not postpone it until the closing week of the month.

By the way, friends—those of you who have already copies of the "Nasby Letters"—will you not each have the kindness to show the volumes to your friends and neighbors, and tell them that they may obtain a copy also by sending $1 for the Weekly Blade one year?

"CLEVELAND TIMES."

The New York Press puts in graphic form as given below, the comparison of the yearly aggregate liabilities of failures for the year 1893, and for 15 years past. The length of the line for 1893, as compared with those for the other years, tells its story of the ruin which has come from the certainty of the adoption of the tariff-smashing Democratic policy:

1879
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1890
1891
1892
1893

Congress may go fatuously on in carrying out this policy of national suicide, but the people will apply the remedy as soon as they have a chance at the Democratic party through the ballot-box.

THE 1894 ELECTIONS.

This is to be an important year in the way of elections. Of course the most important is the contest for Representatives to the Fifty-fourth Congress. The business depression following the triumph of the tariff-smashing Democracy has opened the eyes of the misled and befooled masses of the American people, and the outlook is that the new House will have a heavy Republican majority. This will tie the hands of the Democratic administration for the last two years of its tenure of power, and all its bad legislation will be limited by the life of the present Congress.

There will be a large number of state elections, of course. New York and Pennsylvania each will elect a governor and lieutenant governor; Iowa will elect state officers; New Jersey will elect a legislature; Ohio, minor state officers. There will be gubernatorial elections also in the states of Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Wyoming and Wisconsin.

Every time the telegraphic news announces the resumption of any industrial establishment, the Democratic papers shout gleefully, "The mills are starting up!" That is all right as far as it goes, but they should add either "with a smaller working force" or "at reduced wages." For business always discounts coming legislation, and the country is coming to the free trade standard of wages and labor as fast as it can.

"My Senate" isn't in it.

CONCERNING TEMPERANCE REFORM.

It has always been one of the fundamentals of the belief of those who advocate woman suffrage, that if the ballot were given to women prohibition laws could speedily be enacted. In point of fact, the writer has often heard the plea made by W. C. T. U. speakers, that the investment of women with the right of suffrage would be the most direct method of accomplishing the overthrow of the rum power. Word now comes from the state of Colorado, where women are full voters, that the registration of temperance women, which proceeded systematically under the lead of anti-liquor organizations, is fully offset, and perhaps more, by the registration of the women of foreign extraction, and others who are not in favor of the extirpation of the liquor traffic.

This result is, of course, what any intelligent person who observes matters impartially, and does not let the emotional side of his nature run away with his reasoning powers. Men and women really think in the same paths. The accident of sex does not cause any difference in our ratiocinative methods. The education, training and environment that make a man a beer-drinker make his sister the same; and as men as a rule marry in their own environment, he marries somebody else's sister who is like unto his own in this respect. If the suffrage were conferred on every woman of 21 years old and over, there would practically be the same proportions of temperance and anti-temperance people there are at present. The women would divide on practically the same lines and in the same relative proportions as are the men, on this question.

It is strange that those who hold temperance reform as the most vital one to be reached should not by this time see the errors into which they, through an excess of zeal, have fallen, and be ready to remedy them. Woman suffrage is not a broad road to the pulverization of the rum power and the annihilation of the rum traffic. Nor is the effort to reach that end through a separate political party successful. The Blade has, in the past, pointed out the fundamental error in this latter case, and became the target for unmerited and unjust abuse as a consequence of frankly telling the truth. Prohibition will never come as a permanence through a crusade, whether it be political, or religious, or moral. By this we mean that it will never come as the result of a sudden storm of popular sentiment, like a religious revival, for instance. When the storm sweeps by, the old order comes again. These things have their uses, but they do not work revolutions in the entire mass of the people.

No reform can be permanent that is not grounded on the hearty consent of the great majority of the people. At the present time, despite the vast strides which temperance sentiment has made within the past quarter of a century, there is not yet a majority of our people heartily in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic. Especially is this true of our cities. We doubt if there is a city of even 20,000 people wherein prohibition could carry on a popular vote. And in our greater cities, the majority is as yet tremendously against it. In this connection it must be remembered that there is a steady drift of population into our cities. They are growing in population; the rural districts are not, save in the newer sections, in which farming emigration is filling up unoccupied lands.

To what do these facts point? To the necessity of a campaign of education, kept up for years, spending its greatest efforts in cities, and especially among citizens of foreign birth or of foreign parentage. It must not be conducted as a political crusade, nor with the denunciations and abuse which form the stock in trade of so many foolish "temperance agitators." It must be a matter of plain, matter of fact education, the same as the process of learning the multiplication table, or the rules of grammar. The cold, hard facts of the evils, physical, mental and moral, that fall upon men from indulgence in liquor; the burden that this useless traffic entails upon the tax-payers and on the whole body politic, must be made familiar to every one, if we shall have permanent success in the effort to

Pulverize the rum power.

SENATOR GEAR.

The election of ex-Governor Gear by the Iowa legislature as the next Senator from that state is one which is satisfactory to the Republicans of the nation. He is a man of sterling worth, with a clean public record. His triumph in the legislative caucus was won by merit, not by combinations and bargains, and he will enter the Senate with clean hands and an honest purpose to do his duty. His competitors for the Senatorial toga esteem him highly, as is evidenced by their speeches after the contest was over. They all agreed that Mr. Gear's long services to his party and to the people of Iowa gave him a paramount claim to consideration, and they acquiesced gracefully in the caucus decision. Mr. Gear is known among Iowa Republicans as "Old Business," and the cognomen refers to his most prominent chaeteristic—that of running public affairs on business lines, and an impatience at excessive delays and unnecessary hindrances in the conduct of the affairs of state. Such men are needed in the United States Senate, and Mr. Gear will prove an honor to his state and to his party in that body.

The appeals and petitions of the flockmasters and wool men had this much effect on Prof. Wilson and his committee—that an amendment was offered in committee of the Whole to have the free wool schedule not go into effect until August 1 next. This was to enable wool producers to sell their spring clip under the present law. But Tom Johnson, the rampant free trader, opposed this proposition, and got through his own amendment placing wool on the free list as soon as the tariff bill becomes a law, by a vote of 112 yeas and 102 nays. This is a pointer as to the free trade strength in the House.

Hoke Smith received a "facer" in the decision of the Judge Long pension case. Hoke may be sent back to Atlanta as the scapegoat was sent out into the wilderness bearing the sins of the Israelites.

The McKinley tariff has fairly crushed out the tin industry of Wales, while it has built it up in this country. Professor Wilson, however, will do all he can to brace up business across the Atlantic.

Senator Sherman says he is convinced the Wilson bill "will bury the Democratic party." The Senator is behind the times. It has already done so.

"FREE" WOOL.

That excellent journal, the Rural New Yorker, has been carrying on a discussion in its columns on the relation of the farmers to the tariff, which has developed some very interesting facts. One of these is the refutation of the contention of the free traders that "free raw materials" are a necessity for the American manufacturer, in order that he may "compete in the markets of the world." Take wool for an illustration. The free traders have made it free in the Wilson bill, on the plea that it benefits the manufacturers of cloths. The duty placed on the finer grades of wool by the McKinley bill is 11 cents a pound. An ordinary business suit weigsa about six pounds, including linings, trimmings, buttons, etc. But counting these as all wool, and admitting for the sake of argument that the duty is paid by the man who buys the suit (which is by no means true), and yet the tariff raises the price of the suit only 66 cents! The Rural discusses this point as follows:

> Allowing the price of labor and the price of linings, trimmings and the materials that go to make up the finished suit or garments to remain unchanged, how much is free wool going to cheapen woolen clothing? A laboring man once answered this question by saying one-half; another from $2 to $3. A man who wore a broadcloth $75 suit thought free wool would reduce the cost of his suit $15 to $20. I have found that many have as vague, indefinite and incorrect ideas of the effect of free wool upon the prices as these answers indicate. Now, what are the facts? The duty upon merino cloth for clothing, dress goods, underwear and hosiery is eleven cents per pound, and upon coarser wools for carpets six to seven cents per pound. Now, with this fact before us, how much would the prices be changed or cheapened? Let me put it down, as seeing the figures is often convincing where words fail. Taking the weights given above, the difference on a heavy winter suit would be 66½ cents; on a light suit, 33 cents; on trousers, 16½ cents; on undershirt or drawers, from four to six cents; pair of socks, one cent; woman's dress, 26 cents; child's flannel dress, 5½ cents; woman's or child's stockings, one to two cents a pair; broadcloth suit, 55 cents; one yard carpeting, nine cents. These figures are based upon the supposition that all the cloths are made of wool only, but if the cloths have a mixture of cotton or shoddy, then these figures would all be less accordiling as there is more shoddy and less wool.
>
> Would this very slight difference in the cost of free wool clothing induce the people to buy so much more as to cause "great factories to spring up like magic," employing increased workmen enough to consume the extra amount of products which farmers, driven by free wool out of sheep-raising, would have to grow to replace the losses caused by the annihilation of sheep and wool industries? Would the small saving on woolen clothing be any compensation for the millions of loss that would accrue to the country by the destruction of 45,000,000 sheep and their product, which now give employment to hundreds of thousands? Texas alone has more than 100,000 engaged in sheep industries. Would free wool enable our manufacturers to export large quantities of cloth to sell in markets where they would come in competition with those nations who have not only free wool, but low wages?

Hon. George W. Owens, formerly a Representative in Congress from a Pennsylvania district, sent a communication on this subject to the Ways and Means committee some weeks ago, which discusses the same topic, and shows up the fallacy of the free trade position. Mr. Owens is a farmer. He takes the position that a retention of the duty on imported wools is necessary, because the American farmer cannot possibly pay American wages to his farm help and compete successfully with the wool kings of Australia, Argentina and South Africa, where wages are nominal, and where a warmer climate, giving pasture throughout the year, renders wool production so cheap. Mr. Owens says:

> Every one knows that a good, neat, all-wool suit of clothes can be bought for about $15, and a warm, heavy, coarse, all-wool suit of clothes for $10 and less.
>
> I just this moment weighed a fine diagonal wool suit, also a course wool suit (coats, pants and vest), and they weighed five and six pounds respectively. Now, the protection the wool grower now has in each of these suits amounts to 60 to 70 cents. A merchant might lay down two suits of clothes before a customer, and say that one was worth $16 and the other $16.75, and we might defy any member of Congress or any one to tell which suit had the greater value, the difference is so little. It might be in the make or the lining, or it might not be there at all. Clothing is reasonably cheap, and no one is complaining of the price.
>
> I have now before me bills of sale of wool made from 1886 to 1892 for unwashed clothing and combing wool at from 26 to 28 cents per pound. The same quality of wool to-day will not net more than 15 to 16 cents per pound. In fact, my merchant informs me that it is dull even at those figures.
>
> Yet we are advised to keep our sheep. Why should we do so? Sheep, which in former years brought from $3 to $4 per head on the farms, are now dull at $2, and they are not sold to farmers. They are sent to market and slaughtered. And when this destruction is complete the consumer will pay dearly for for-eign wool and foreign-made clothing. But the advocates of free wool say that our manufacturers must have free raw material. What is raw material? That which is raw material to one is the finished product to another. It would perhaps be safe to define it as any commodity that comes to us from nature's God without any labor in it.
>
> But is wool of this character? Did you ever take care of a flock of sheep, protect them from dogs and other enemies, herd and feed them, assist a new-born lamb on a cold winter morning to take its first nourishment from an indifferent, stubborn mother? If any member of Congress has done this work, he will conclude that wool is not so very "raw material."

The facts stated in these two extracts destroy the fallacious theory of the free traders that free wool is necessary to low priced clothing. The cost of wool as a raw material is almost entirely labor; and hence the wool duties are for the protection of labor, and should be retained. The advantage of the consumer of clothing is a purely theoretical one, and free wool simply means another blow at American agriculture, which is badly enough off as matters stand already. Besides, what will be the result of leaving our farmers at the mercy of the wool kings of South America, Australia and Africa? Just this: As soon as they have secured control of our market, and destroyed our wool raising industry, up will go prices, and we shall be at their mercy for our "raw materials."

HORNBLOWER IS DEFEATED.

The Senate has refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Hornblower as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This result was due to two causes—the first the antagonism of David B. Hill, who fought the nomination bitterly because Hornblower was an "anti-snapper," and his defeat would not only satisfy political vengeance but be a body-blow at Cleveland; and the fact that Hornblower is a mediocre lawyer, the creature of corporations, especially of railway interests, and altogether an unfit man for the place.

Whatever the motives which actuated a majority of the Senate to reject Hornblower, the country is to be congratulated on the result. Mr. Cleveland has another defeat to digest, and it does not sit well, coming on the heels of the humiliation he is enduring because of the Hawaiian farce. It is to be hoped that he will make a better appointment the second time, and one the Senate can promptly ratify.

Do you remember the howl during the last Presidential campaign about "taxing the poor man's blanket?" Well, the Wilson bill taxes it 25 per cent ad valorem; and yet the Democratic editors who were weeping over the iniquity of taxing it at all are supporting the Wilson bill with both hands. Funny, isn't it?

UNCLE SAM GOING INTO DEBT.

Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular, inviting proposals until February 1, for fifty millions of 5 per cent bonds, under the act of January 14, 1875. Bids will be received for either registered or coupon form, in denominations of $50 and upward. Bidders will be expected to pay a premium, and no bid will be considered at a lower price than $117.223 per $100, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent bond at par. The reason of this stipulation is, that a 3 per cent loan can easily be placed at par, but the law under which the Secretary acts fixes a 5 per cent rate.

There are two points to be considered in the discussion of this action of the secretary of the Treasury: First, why it has become necessary for the nation to go into debt, after 28 years of continuous debt reduction, and in time of peace, with no call upon the nation's finances outside of ordinary expenditures; second, why the Secretary has to go back to the authority of the Resumption act of 1875 to issue bonds, instead of by a direct act of Congress, with stipulations suited to the present financial condition.

The answer to the first must be, that the borrowing of money to pay current expenses is the fault of the Democratic party. For a generation it has been a mere fault-finder. It has abused any and every act of the Republican party. Its attitude has been that of a yellow cur sitting on its haunches and yelping at an express train as it goes thundering by. It has bent its energies to tear down and destroy. The result is seen now. Its alleged "statesmen" are blowhards and demagogues; it has not one who has any business ideas regarding national policies, or who is an adept at constructive legislation. Its so-called "principles" are theories, born of the desire to do something different from the policy of the Republican party. Its economic leader is a man without industrial or business experience, who is the slavish adherent of theories imbibed while a "professor" in a backwoods college, and his lieutenants are men who learned their political economy out of English text-books, written forty years ago. Its financial leaders are men without practical knowledge of modern finance, who support silly schemes based on fallacious beliefs.

These years of demagogic faultfinding; of parading glittering theories; of systematic fanning of the flame of discontent among the trades unions and the farmers; of constant promise of impossible things to the masses, resulted in the last Presidential election, in the placing of the Democratic party, for the first time since the war, in full possession of the national government. What was the result? It was accepted as a certainty by every business man, every manufacturer, every man interested in any line of productive or commercial industry, that there would follow a complete change in our tariff system, and probably in our monetary system. Every man began to take precautions to save himself from loss. Doubt as to Democratic financial legislation brought the monetary stringency of last summer; before that was over, the business stagnation began, resulting from the fear of tariff-smashing. No shrewd man engaged in manufacturing, or mining, or any other productive industry, would accumulate a stock of raw materials or of finished products, whose value would be changed by tariff juggling. No wholesaler or jobber would load up with a stock to be disposed of months ahead, for the same reason. The result was, thousands of idle men, dullness of trade, an enormous falling off of imports, and a reduction of government revenues.

When the Democratic party came into power on March 4 last, the gold reserve in the Treasury was over the hundred million mark, and the revenues of the government were sufficient to pay its expenditures. Now the gold reserve is about seventy millions, and is declining daily. The shrunken revenues are not enough to pay current expenses. Something must be done, and that at once. This brings us to a consideration of the second point stated above—why the Secretary has to issue bonds under the Resumption act rather than as the result of proper legislation by the present Congress.

The answer must be the cowardice and incapacity of the Democratic Congress. Its members have no consistent and sound financial ideas. They would further imperil national finances, were they to attempt to solve the problem. They would add to the already too great amount of credit money. And legislation could only be obtained after weeks of frothy debate and windy theory-spinning, while the money is needed at once. Hence Carlisle was forced to go back to a Republican law to obtain authority to act.

But the people are asking the question, whether it is better to borrow money to pay current expenses, or to obtain sufficient revenue from the sources which, for a generation, have not only been sufficient for governmental needs, but have in addition furnished money to pay over a billion dollars, principal and interest, of our bonded debt. The borrowing policy is the traditional one of the Democratic party; the latter is the business-like course of the Republican party. Nothing can be more clear than that the threat of tariff reduction is to blame for the diminished revenue. The McKinley tariff law, in 1892, gave not only all the revenue needed by the government, but over $2,000,000 surplus. Is it not clear that, if there were no intention of disturbing that law, the revenues would now be ample for all proper governmental needs? Had the majority in Congress any ordinary business sense, any proper patriotic feeling, they would simply defeat the Wilson bill, and declare by resolution their intention not to disturb the tariff laws. Within three months the country would be prosperous, the army of unemployed all at work, and the revenues ample for all needs.

The $50,000,000 loan called for by Mr. Carlisle will not be all that will be needed by the government. The revenues will probably be smaller than the expenditures for a year or two. All future issues of bonds should be of small denominations, and be disposed of to the people. Keep them out of the hands of the banks and big moneyed institutions.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Dominis's thirst for the blood of Dole et al., has been somewhat slaked. Mr. Cleveland, with all his nerve, couldn't stand this abattoir idea of H. R. H.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The financial questions now before the nation, and others likely to arise in the near future, ought to be understood thoroughly by every voter, that his vote may be intelligently cast. How many of the readers of The Blade can answer at once and correctly this series of questions, for example:

Why did Secretary Carlisle prefer to sell bonds to the amount of $50,000,000, instead of asking Congress to authorize him to issue that amount of greenbacks?

Why does money loan at from 1 to 3 per cent. now in New York, yet a farmer in Kansas have to pay 10 or 12 per cent?

What is the real reason that national banks are preferred to state banks by the mass of intelligent people?

What is the valid objection to gold as the only standard of monetary value?

What are the only drawbacks to the greenback as paper money?

Why is it that all the leading nations of the world have made gold the sole basis of their monetary systems?

What is the distinction between wealth and money?

What is the distinction between real money and credit money?

Why, in times of dull business, does money accumulate in our cities, especially New York?

Remember, the use of money goes back into the twilight of history. Within the past five hundred years especially, the world has tried, in some form or other, almost every possible experiment in finance. Hence there has gradually been a number of primal facts which all well-educated and well-informed men of affairs, in every country, agree upon as being

The foundations of finance.

We propose beginning, in a few weeks, a series of articles in the Weekly Blade under this title—"The Foundations of Finance." We shall explain, in clear, concise language, the history of money, and give, in compact form, the basic principles on which all financial authorities are agreed. These will enable the reader to answer such questions as those given above, and detect the fallacies in any financial argument. The series will be really a text-book of correct knowledge on finance.

This series will be written only for the Weekly Blade, and will NOT be printed in any other paper, nor in book form. The series alone will be worth the price of the Weekly Blade a year, thrice over. Due notice will be given of the beginning of the series.

A NEW BOND ISSUE.

The gold reserve in the United States Treasury is steadily diminishing. The business prostration which is one of the sweet boons to the people coming from Democratic supremacy, has diminished our import trade very seriously. As a result, our customs revenue is so lessened that the government is not receiving as much money as it needs for current expenses. The gold reserve has to meet the deficiency. That is now down to about $73,000,000, and only a small part of this is in coin. The remainder is bullion, and not available, until coined, to pay expenses.

In this dilemma, the only course that the Democratic administration can pursue is the one followed in Buchanan's time—to issue bonds, and thus run the nation into debt for current expenses of government. How large the issue will be is conjectural. Some $50,000,000 would meet all the requirements at present, but there is no prospect that the revenues will increase for months, and it is probable the issue will be at least a hundred millions, with a possibility of being double that.

Whatever the total may be, the loan should be in bonds of small denomination, say from $20 up, and the national banks be made the government agents for their sale. A loan of $100,000,000 can be promptly placed at 3 per cent, and every dollar be taken by our own citizens. These bonds would be eagerly bought with the savings of the people. Their absolute security, and the ease with which they can be turned into money, would make them extremely popular. There is no need of offering them abroad, when the United States is full of idle money. If we must go into debt as a result of our people playing the fool and putting the Democratic party into power, let us make the loan a popular one, taken by our own citizens with their savings, as was the great French national loan of 1871, to pay the war indemnity to Germany.

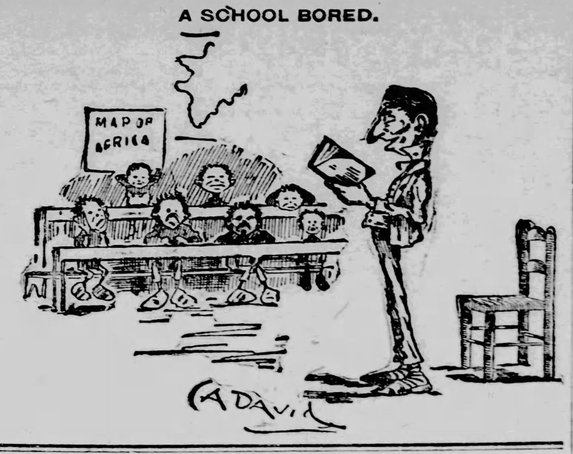
THE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

The monopoly of the telephone business, due to the patent laws, will be ended on January 30. On that day the patent on the receiver expires. The original Bell patent on the telephone expired on March 7 of last year, and now that the other patent is about to expire, both receiver and transmitter will be free to the public. Various manufacturers of electrical apparatus are already at work manufacturing telephones, and after January 30, for the first time, it will be possible to purchase a perfect instrument.

The immediate result will be a very large extension of the use of the telephone in villages and small towns, and the erection of private telephone lines. A pair of instruments will not cost over $35 and thousands of persons will avail themselves of the opportunity to put up private wires. The Bell people will probably continue to control the exchanges in cities for a time, but rates will have to come down, or competing exchanges will be established.

San Francisco, we fear, will be disappointed in her roseate anticipations of the success of the Midwinter Fair. She estimates that from 200,000 to 250,000 visitors will come, bringing some $40,000,000 to California circulation. The counting of Pullman passenger records shows that over one-fourth of the banking capital of California was transferred eastward last summer by the Chicago exodus, and this and more is expected to come back. The hard times do not discourage the projectors of the scheme. They expect to divert the number of visitors named from their usual winter haunts in Florida and Europe, and certainly they will have something to show, both in nature and art, that is worth the journey. It will undoubtedly help keep a good many dollars at home that are needed here in America, and we sincerely hope will be as successful as it certainly deserves to be.

Mr. Cleveland should understand that several more defeats are in store for him at the hands of the Senate, and compose his mind to the inevitable.



THE CHINESE AGAIN.

When the McCreary bill, amending the Geary law, was passed, giving the Chinese another chance at registration, it was reported that it would be willingly obeyed by these yellow-skinned sojourners. But this appears to have been a huge mistake. They are paying no more attention to it than they did to the original Geary law. Probably they think the government will back down again as it has already done once.

The McCreary law provides that all Chinese laborers within the limits of the United States, who were entitled to remain at the time of its passage, shall apply to the collectors of internal revenue of their respective districts within six months, and obtain a certificate of registration, furnishing a photograph to the affixed to the document. The penalty of non-registration is deportation.

But no certificates have been applied for. The Chinese simply ignore the law. In San Francisco, the authorities posted notices, calling on them to register, in the Chinese quarter, with the effect of creating a small riot, during which the posters were all torn down and destroyed. It is said the Six Companies have issued instructions that no one shall register. This will be implicity obeyed by their slaves, and those Chinese who are free from the Six Companies don't dare register because they fear the vengeance of this imperium in imperio. The hostility of the Six Companies is due to the fact that they make their money by bringing across Chinese and smuggling them over the frontier, and the enforcement of the law would cut off their revenues.

It is time this farce should end. Is the United States government in control of this country, or a junta of Chinese heathens? If it costs a hundred million dollars, every Chinaman who has not complied with the law should be sent back to China. They are a curse to the nation, and whatever it may cost to get rid of them would be money economically spent. The curse only increases as time goes on. No Chinaman will ever make an American citizen. They lack the necessary elements, and the country should be rid of them as soon as possible.

THE TARIFF OF 1832.

In 1832 John C. Calhoun and his followers in the state of South Carolina said that a protective tariff was unconstitutional, and that they would not pay duties to the national government, except for "revenue only." They attempted to nullify the constitution of the United States by passing an ordinance declaring the tariff law void so far as South Carolina was concerned. That grand old patriot, Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States, said that protection was constitutional, and that "By the Eternal, if one drop of blood was shed in South Carolina he would hang John C. Calhoun." He sent General Scott to Fort Moultrie and a United States war vessel to Charleston harbor, and the result was that, with the gallows staring them in the face, Mr. Calhoun and his followers backed down.

To-day, we read in the Democratic platform of 1892 the same doctrine—that "protection is unconstitutional"—and we see men like Larry Neal, who wrote that plank of the Democratic platform, attending a banquet in memory of General Jackson, who threatened to hang John C. Calhoun for advocating the same idea that protection is unconstitutional, and who, if living to-day, would be the bitter opponent of Larry Neal and his kind.

Truly, the attitude of the Democratic party is ridiculous as it is astounding. General Jackson was a protectionist of the strongest type, and Thomas Jefferson, another "father" of the Democratic party, was so strongly in favor of protection for American industries that he would not wear a coat not made of cloth spun and woven in the United States. Will some modern Democrat tell us how their party, advocating as it does to-day, the principles of John C. Calhoun, for which advocacy Jackson threatened to hang the South Carolinian, can pay honor to the memory of Andrew Jackson without making itself ridiculous?

THE WEATHER.

Those who are interested in weather prediction will be glad to learn from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, that in three and a half weeks we will have a return of the present mild spell, in all probability. It says that on the morning of December 22, 1893, mild weather set in, similar to that which prevailed on Monday last. On that occasion the disturbed quadrant of the sun was in the position with reference to the earth, that was occupied Monday by a similar disturbance. The period of mild weather, beginning on December 22, lasted nearly a week. The return of this weather with the return by rotation of the disturbed quadrant of the sun is one of the most interesting meterological events of the winter. Those who are interested in the sun should study it now. Its equatorial region, from the meridian to the eastern limb, is covered with spots. Several of the spots are very large. It is quite probable that in twenty-five or twenty-six days the mild spell beginning on Monday of this week will be repeated. In other words, a map of the sun's disturbances would be a pretty accurate weather map as applied to the North American continent.

Secretary Carlisle said, in his Treasury report that the deficit at the end of this fiscal year would be only 28 millions. Republicans said it would be 70 millions of dollars. Now Mr. Carlisle admits that it would be $78,167,532. Who was right?

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

A CASE IN POINT.

This "argument" is going the rounds of the "cuckoo" newspapers devoted to the greatness of Grover Cleveland and the superhuman wisdom of the Wilson bill:

> The cotton industry has enjoyed the benefit of free raw materials, and we not only sell our raw cotton in all parts of the world but we sell our manufactured cotton goods in our market to which we take them. We can undersell the English manufacturer in Manchester and Leeds. We can undersell him in Cairo. We can undersell him in Hong Kong, as well as in America. We have the cotton business standing on its own bottom, and it is one of the most healthy and prosperous of American enterprises. Why not give us other industries like it? Why not the woolen industry?

The statement is untrue in its assumption that we can sell our cotton goods in any market to which we take them. It would follow that we would have a steadily increasing foreign trade in these manufactures. The official figures of our exports ought to show, year by year, steady and increasing exportations. Suppose we go to the reports of the statistical bureau of the Treasury department, and see what they reveal. Here are the total values of our exports of cotton goods annually, for the past ten fiscal years:

1883	$13,721,093
1884	11,885,213
1885	11,836,501
1886	13,009,901
1887	10,148,342
1888	13,013,189
1889	16,212,644
1890	9,009,277
1891	12,004,537
1892	13,226,547

Is any increase apparent? On the contrary, is not our export trade in cotton goods stationary? We manufacture over $200,000,000 worth every year, nearly all of which is consumed at home. That manufacture maintains thousands of workingmen and their families; our people get excellent goods and full value for the prices they pay. We export less than 7 per cent of all we manufacture. Cotton is free, and has always been free, because we produce the raw materials ourselves. The fallacy of the "free raw materials" argument ought to be clear to any one who looks at the figures. They mean simply that in certain lines of goods we excel foreign manufacturers, and that they are bought in foreign countries for their excellence, not because of their cheapness.

What will be the effect of the Wilson bill on our cotton industry? Simply to open this magnificent market at home, supplied by our own manufacturers, to the products of foreign pauper labor. To compete with these, our manufacturers must reduce the cost of production; and this can only be done by cutting the wages of employes, thus reducing their own capacity for buying the necessaries and comforts of life. The same thing will be true in the wool industry, and in the thousand lines of manufacture affected by the Wilson wages-reducing bill.

The corn crop of the Argentine Republic is a failure this year. Being in the South Temperate zone, their seasons are the opposite of ours, be it remembered, and January will thus correspond with our July. The people of Argentine are hardly able to bear this misfortune, following the crash of the inflated paper currency and the internal dissensions of that unfortunate country.

The widder Dominis, sometimes called Lilliuokalani, should take a sea voyage for her health. The climate of Honolulu will soon prove very unsalubrious for her if she doesn't.

If the Southern members keep up this deficit pace, the nation will be worse off than when government bonds were at a discount of 12 1-2 per cent, in Buchanan's time.

Mr. Gresham thinks from experience that statemen can get along without heads.

Adlai has said nothing of Grover's possible impeachment.

SHORT, BUT INTERESTING.

All Hesiod's works were written on leaden sheets, rolled up like a cylinder.

"The Iliad in a Nutshell" is mentioned by Pliny as having been seen by Cicero.

Stearne offered "Tristan Shandy" to a bookseller for $250 and it was refused.

The queen's favorite wall paper has a bright blue ground sprinkled with white stars.

The first public library in the world was founded in Athens by Pisistratus about 540 B. C.

An armless boy of Middletown, Conn., named William Mylchreet, has completed the painting of a wagon. His feet did the work.

Germany has decided that cinnamon yellow is the best color for war ships. The French stick to the gray tint, something like wet sail cloth.

A large elephant had to be killed in Stuttgart on account of his temper. A single bullet from a small bore rifle delivered in his forehead dropped him dead.

There has recently been disinterred among the stores of the lord chamberlin at Windsor Castle, a sedan chair belonging to Henrietta of France, wife of Charles I.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth $1,500,000 a year and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports $8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,00 bushels of wheat.

Some very ancient books are to be found in the sacred relics of Ceylon. They are formed on palm leaves, written upon with a metal pen, and are bound merely by a silken string.

Rhode Island has 2,200 factories, employing 38,000 men, 22,000 women and 4,000 children. The combinde capital of the mills is $76,000,000 and the annual output $104,000,000.

Massachusetts has over 100,000 persons engaged in the fisheries. The making of boots and shoes gives employment to 62,000; cotton goods, 38,000; building, 30,000; clothing, 23,000.

The minister of Paris police, M. Lepine, thinks that vanity is a very powerful motive among anarchists, and with the hope of quieting their activity he begs the papers not to publish their portraits.

A Gothic scholar lately came translated the Bible into the Gothic language for the use of his people, but omitted the Book of Kings, lest the wars told of there should increase their propensity for fighting.

The works of Aristole comprise more than 400 treatises on various subjects. The manuscripts which survive of his writings were accidentally discovered in an advanced stage of decay in an old chest.

Among the early Christians the books of heroties, such as Origen and Arius, were frequently burned in great piles, while the heretics retorted in kind by burning the writings of the orthodox controversialists.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Patti had a $9,712 house in Philadelphia.

Theresa Carreno is playing in Copenhagen.

London has a surplus of pianists this season.

Slivinski's success in this country is moderate.

Nikisch is more popular in Buda-Pesth than in Boston.

The German military bands that played at the World's Fair, have gone home.

Miss Katie Leonard, eight years old, an American by birth, is the latest prodigy pianist.

Miss Electa Gifford, after a successful circuit tour in Ohio, has returned to Chicago.

Robin Hood was sung for the 1,200th time last week in New York by the Bostonians.

The Spanish prima donna, Elnora Sana, will make a concert tour of this country, beginning next April.

Recently an aluminium violin was played in Indianapolis. The tone produced was brilliant, but lacking in power.

Anton Rubinstein will give his views on Bach in an interesting essay now in preparation for the Century Magazine.

M. Paderewski is hard at work upon his Polish opera. During the year just past the eminent pianist has earned $100,000.

Joseph Hollman, the 'cellist, who concluded not to come to America this season, has been playing with great success at Bordeaux.

The Iowa State Band has been engaged to play at the California Midwinter Fair. Concerts are being given while en route to the coast.

A Turkish pianist named Sevadjian, but who does not wear long hair, has made his appearance in London, and is said to play sweetly and sentimentally.

A manuscript containing six sonatas, written by Mozart, at the age of 18, during his second stay in Paris, was lately sold for $750 in New York. It is in the composer's own handwriting.

On account of the recent difficulties between Walter Damrosch and the members of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Adolph Brodsky, the violin soloist, has withdrawn from that organization, leaving it without a concertmeister.

The will of the late Dr Tschaikowski has been probated in St. Petersburg. The copyright of his works has been bequeathed to his nephew, and his furniture to his niece. The personal estate of about $10,000 has been left to his widow.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is about to publish her memoirs, which will fill two volumes.

An English woman has made a discovery which she communicates to a magazine as follows:

> An establishment has been started in London where housemaids are supplied by the morning or by the day, as the employer prefers.

Edna Eagletfather, a young Indian girl, is a graduate of the Drexel Institute school of stenography and typewriting.

Mme. Schliemann is fulfilling the promise made to her late husband, and is personally superintending the excavations in Troy.

In the way of setting people at their ease Queen Victoria is known to be an adept. She greatly dislikes a visitor who is shy and colors or looks agitated when addressed. At the finish of the interview the queen generally gives a little bow or offers her hand, and then turns slightly to one side to save the very trying necessity of an entirely backward exit from her presence.

"I wonder how it is we know nothing of the wonderful American 'chewing gum' as a remedy against seasickness? The other day, when crossing the terrible 'silver streak,' an American lady kindly offered me a piece which she had obtained in New York. It was

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.05. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire cost of ten dollars at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The Freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with many large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving polished, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. Its particular and unique value is its happy solution of the problem of fulness and convenience. It is neither bulky nor superficial. It is the book of reference for the million. Chambers' Encyclopaedia has always occupied a front place among the cyclopedic works to be coveted.

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The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy, but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. "Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

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THE OLD PIONEER.

In summer I poke roun' out doors
An' kinder help to do the chores;
I try to be some little good
An' chop an' fetch the kindlin' wood.
I judge a man should still be brave,
Long as he keeps outside the grave,
An' do his work, however small,
An' poke about till he sinks down
An' darkness comes an' covers all—
An' so I poke an' putter roun'.

This tremblin' han', these shakin' bones
Once cloured these fiel's er trees an' stones;
This han' it pressed my young bride's han'
An' led her through this unknown lan'.
The wolf and bear prowled roun' our door,
But we was happy, young an' poor.
But thet dear han' in simple trust
No more in mine shall settle down.
Long years thet han' hez mixed with dust—
Can only poke an' putter roun'.

The woods is cleared, the swamps is sweet
With wavin' fiel's of grass an' wheat.
The lonesome woods hez all made room
To let the pear and apple bloom.
An' where wuz once the wild wolf's den
Is happy homes er happy men.
But the ol' man who led the way
An' cut them dark ol' forests down,
Now sundown shadders cloud his day,
Can only poke an' putter roun'.

'Twas here we passed life's early morn,
'Twas here our boys an' gir's wuz born.
She learned their baby feet to stray
Through the rough forest's tangled way.
The girls, now fair as she wuz then,
The boys growed up to strapplin' men,
Fergit the pathway to her grave.
But I can keep the strong weeds down,
An' flowers above her dust shall wave
W'ile I can poke an' putter roun'.

The great worl' moves so fast, to-day
It leaves an ol' man by the way.
Fergits the work that he has done
An' all his toil beneath the sun;
An' all its voices seem to say:
"Stan' back, ol' man, keep out the way!"
I hear the voices' cruel roar.
I go; the night is settlin' down,
An' p'raps they'll miss me w'en no more
The ol' man pokes an' putters roun'.
—Sam Walter Foss in Boston Globe.

JACKSON'S BODY SERVANT.

Old Uncle Alfred, the Sole Guardian of the Hermitage at Nashville.

Since the departure of Colonel Andrew Jackson with the lares and penates of the Hermitage to open a museum in Cincinnati for the sake of bettering his fallen fortunes scarcely a relic is left in the home of Old Hickory near Nashville. But the wide double-leaved hall door is still opened by Old Uncle Alfred to admit the

UNCLE ALFRED, AGED NINETY.

is frequent visitor to the empty and, but for him, deserted mansion.

An ancient retainer of the house, shabby, shaky, black, dim-sighted, he yet has a manner that goes with a prince's retinue. The body servant of General Jackson, he has a fund of anecdote about his master which is invaluable to the biographer. He will point out the spot on the veranda where the stoical sufferer sat in his invalid chair; the decaying willow trees he planted three-quarters of a century ago by his wife's tomb-stone in the garden. And then, as he did for the funeral guests in 1845, old Uncle Alfred will lead you to the death chamber of the hero of New Orleans and, himself the only living witness to the impressive scene, relate how kindred and friends wept about the bed, and the numerous slaves on the veranda outside the open windows gave utterance to the noisiest grief. The dying man half raised himself from his pillow and said:

"Do not cry. Be good children. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, both black and white, in heaven."

This anecdote suddenly dimishes the feeble, decrepit old negro into the only living man who has an appointment with Old Hickory.

Switzerland Lights.

At the close of the year 1892 there were in Switzerland 550 electric lights run by waterfall power, 53 plants for electrical transmission of power, 121 accumulators or storage batteries and 1,056 other dynamos and electro-motors. The number of incandescent lamps run by water power was 115,926, and of arc lamps 9,716.

Their Common Affliction.

"Your coat is inside out," remarked the Absolute Idiot.

"Thank you," rejoined the Towering Genius, as he hastily rectified the error.

"Don't speak of it," said the Idiot. "I am troubled with absence of mind, myself."—Town Topics.

Married Eight Times.

Rev. Simon Roundtree, a colored Baptist preacher, of Lincoln, Neb., although 90 years old, thinks matrimony is far from a failure. He was recently married for the eighth time. The latest Mrs. Roundtree is 44 years his junior.

A Great Scheme.

Currie—May seems to have become very cold and distant of late.

Edith—Yes, she has discovered that furs become her and she wants an excuse for wearing them.—Truth.

The State of the Case.

Johnnie—Pa, does a man have to take an oath when he goes into office?

Pa—He takes several if he doesn't.—Detroit Free Press.

A Legal Note.

Lawyers are seldom poets, but they all write "versus."—Philadelphia Record.

WOMEN WHO DRINK

THE HABIT IS BEING FASTENED UPON FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

The Evil Has Developed Within the Last Decade and is Assuming Alarming Proportions.

There is an evil under the sun which has, within the last decade, made itself too manifest among the ranks of fashionable women to be longer ignored—an evil which may be politely called the over use of alcoholic stimulants, says the New York Herald. If men were the offenders another far more specific name would be used, but this vice in connection with women is so abnormal, so subversive of all the ideas and traditions associated with the sex, that there is a very

A TASTE BEFORE DINNER.

strong tendency to hush up all mention of it. With the exception of one or two society papers of the bravest sort, and one or two purely ladies' newspapers, the press—usually so fearless in denouncing social sores—has been nearly reticent on the matter.

But pretending not to see an evil is not the way to get rid of it. Women of wealth and influence cannot longer afford to neglect a vice which is a blot upon their order and which, if suffered to take its course, is quite capable of undermining the whole glittering structure of their social world.

The excessive use of wine and spirits by women of culture is a vice of this era. Many brilliant and famous men have been notorious drunkards; but I fail to remember one famous woman with this stigma darkening her name, in all the past centuries. Our drawing room drinking is a phase of our special social life, and has sprung from the almost superhuman demands of society upon women—the social friskiness—the afternoon wit—the great fun—the "go"—which is expected at continual functions of so-called pleasure, and the necessity that the members of them should be up to their work.

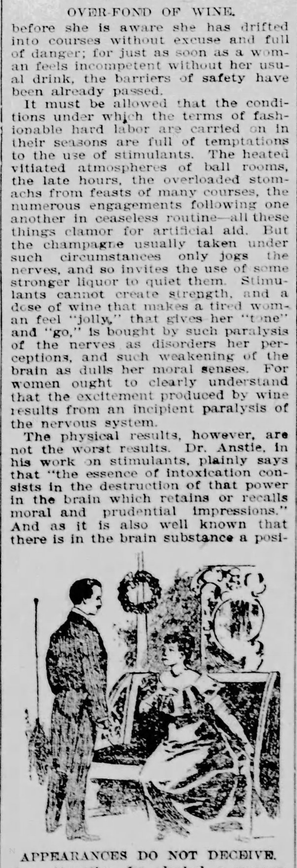
And unfortunately the entering in of this vice is so natural that it is hardly observed. A glass of wine or a tablespoonful of brandy is privately taken some day to meet the social strain, and is found to be apparently restorative. The stimulant makes the taker feel that the dance or the dinner, which seemed to be impossible, is possible; and thus she is tempted to renewal of the labor which she had just dropped from exhaustion. But she was already worn out, and the brandy taken only helped her to wear herself further out; and so, even physically, the last state of that woman was worse than the first. These little sips of spirit soon lead the taker of them beyond her own control; the intervals between them decrease, the quantities increase, and

OVER-FOND OF WINE.

before she is aware she has drifted into courses without excuse and full of danger; for just as soon as a woman feels incompetent without her usual drink, the barriers of safety have been already passed.

It must be allowed that the conditions under which the terms of fashionable hard labor are carried on in their seasons are full of temptations to the use of stimulants. The heated vitiated atmospheres of ball rooms, the late hours, the overloaded stomachs from feasts of many courses, the numerous engagements following one another in constant routine—all these things clamor for artificial aid. But the champagne usually taken under such circumstances only jogs the nerves, and so invites the use of some stronger liquor to quiet them. Stimulants cannot create strength, and a dose of wine that makes a tired woman feel "jolly," that gives her "tone" and "go," is bought by such paralysis of the nerves as disorders her perceptions, and such weakening of the brain as dulls her moral senses. For women ought to clearly understand that the excitement produced by wine results from an incipient paralysis of the nervous system.

The physical results, however, are not the worst results. Dr. Anstie, in his work on stimulants, plainly says that "the essence of intoxication consists in the destruction of that power in the brain which retains or recalls moral and prudential impressions." And as it is also well known that there is in the brain substance a posi-



APPEARANCES DO NOT DECEIVE.

tive attraction for alcohol, a woman may well feel afraid to encourage a vice which is not only to fight from the outside, but which is powerfully aided by mutiny from within.

Other fashionable faults may be condoned, may admit of palliation, may be thrown off by an exercise of will, or dropped because they have become unfashionable, but the increase of drinking room drinking attacks society in its most vital part. Men may drink with far greater impunity than women, both personally and socially. Personally they have more will power to resist the domination of alcohol, and socially their influence and example as slaves to it is far less disintegrating. It is a great truth that vice in a woman is more of a crime than the same vice in a man. For in social manners and customs conduct is more than law, and women are the autocrats of conduct and custom. If, then, women should ever make certain vices tolerable, there would be no barrier left against them, and the influx of many secondary passions would be natural and certain. A drinking woman is a social criminal of the worst type, and the idea is so shocking that it requires an effort of the will to contemplate her.

By constantly directing the attention of the public to any given subject an impression is sure to be finally made. To induce people to act they must be saved the trouble of thinking, and an ally once made of this intellectual indolence almost anything may be accomplished. Our best theory of advertising proves this fact, for it is well understood that if one dealer can make his name occur to the public with ever so little more readiness than another dealer in the same business, that infinitesimal saving of trouble will pay. So, then, if the press will boldly arraign and condemn this social danger, a constant iteration will be certain to take effect. Before a bad custom becomes actual vice it is arrestable by public opinion, and the press can so assail drawing room drinking as to make it notorious—uncomely, unfashionable—and drive it out of toleration and out of date.

OHIO'S BATTLE-FLAGS.

The following poem was written by T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, O., and sent to R. M. Rowad, to be hung in the flag-room of the Capitol at Columbus, among the tattered battle-flags of Ohio's volunteers:

O sacred banners, old and torn,
By thousands thro' the carnage borne!
Around ye, struck by shot and shell,
The bravest of the nation fell;
Beneath your folds in beds and wood
Ohio's heroes shed their blood,
And won amid the battle's flame
The cherished meed of deathless fame.

Each shattered staff, each clinging shred
Recall the deeds of heroes dead.
Who've pitched upon th' Eternal shore
Their snow-white tents forevermore;
Each riven stripe, each mang'led star
That shone amid the smoke of war,
Attest here in their silent pride
How Buckeye heroes fought and died.

Behold these standards! Once they waved
Where man the Nation's honor saved;
And though within this chamber furl'd,
They breathe their story to the world;
The dark red stain that bi'ars you star
Was given in the swirl of war;
These mingled banners long will be
Ohio's proudest legacy.

O banners, drooping, old and torn!
O sacred flags by heroes borne!
They brought you from the battlefield
Untarnished, like the Spartan's shield;
Forever stand here side by side
As stood the brave who 'round ye died;
Ohio guards with love untold
Each broken staff, each tattered fold.

BAERER'S HUGE BEETHOVEN BUST

To Be Given as the First Prize at the New York Saengerfest.

Henry Baerer, the author of the excellent Beethoven memorial in Central Park, which is topped by a colossal bust of the composer, has finished a second one, also of huge size, to be cast in bronze for the first prize at

BAERER'S BEETHOVEN BUST.

the New York Saengerfest next summer in the Madison Square Garden.

The new bust differs from the one in the park in that the head instead of being bent in thought is slightly raised. The expression is alert and vigorous, almost pugnacious. Admirable in strength and knowledge is the modeling of the leonine head and particularly impressive is the general effect. There is a startling suggestion of life about the head.

Among the works of Mr. Baerer, who, though a German by birth, first studied in this country under Robert E. Von Launitz, the pupil of Thorwaldsen, are the Franz Schubert memorial in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; a bust of John Howard Payne in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; another of John A. Roebling, on Brooklyn Bridge; a bust in marble of Theodore Thomas and a group on the Arion Society's club house.

While in Munich, where he went to study after six years under Von Launitz, Mr. Baerer assisted Professor Weidemann on the colossal statues of Victory for the King' palace and Thalia for the Opera house. In that city the artist also did a statue of Pandora, and he afterward worked in Berlin, Dresden and Paris.—N. Y. Herald.

THREE LITTLE ONES.

I had a girl in Mexico,
Kissed bit her on the toe.
Now she's where the lilies grow
Name of the insect you may know—
Tara-ra-rantula, etc.

—Macon News.

Now doth the little idle bee
Live on last summer's labor;
While man, who had good chance as he,
Is living on his neighbor.

—Boston Courier.

There was a waiter girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
But when she did stoop
It would fall in the soup
And the boarders swore so it was horrid

—Buffalo Courier.

CURIOUS THINGS IN LIFE.

A boy playing in Deering, Me., with his kitten was called by his mother to do an errand. He tied kitty to the lighted lamp, so that he could find her easily when he got back. Kitty and the lamp went out together.

The material for the electric railroad in Muncie, Ind., was 12 days late. It arrived at 4 o'clock one morning, and that afternoon the cars were running over one mile of newly laid and wired track.

A farmer in Kansas had bored his well 50 feet, when the drill fell through into something or other, and imprisoned hot air began rushing out. Kansas seems to be not very far from a hot locality.

There's a man in Lockport, N. Y., who has a beard so long that he braids it up and winds it around his neck. In this case the wind doesn't blow through it, but it keeps the wind away.

An owl alighted in Mr. Miller's yard in Cumberland, Md., and was attacked by an ingenious Newfoundland puppy. But when the puppy had lost one eye and a large amount of hair, he knew more about owls.

The end of time, according to the Kurds, will be ushered in by the appearance of four rainbows which will cross at the zenith, furnishing eight passageways for God and His hosts.

In England a self-recording rifle target has been invented which doesn't require any boy to attend it.

All Live in Texas.

An industrious statistician comes out with the startling announcement that the population of the world, which is estimated at 1,400,000,000, if divided into families of five, could all be accommodated in Texas, each family with a five-acre lot, and have 50,000,000 lots over for parks and things.

Mother Goose Again.

There was a so-called statesman
And he was wondrous sly,
He jumped into a policy
That left him high and dry;
And when he found where he was at,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another scrape
That blew him up again.

—Indianapolis Journal.

With the Same Result, Too.

If a train, moving at the speed of 25 miles an hour, was suddenly stopped, the passengers would experience a shock equal to that of falling from a second floor window; at 30 miles an hour they might as well fall from the height of three pairs of stairs; and an express train would, in point of fact, make them fall from a fourth story.

The Brand of Oil.

Father—Did you get a student lamp, my son?

Son—Yes, father.

Father—Well, go and buy some midnight oil to use in it.—Detroit Free Press.

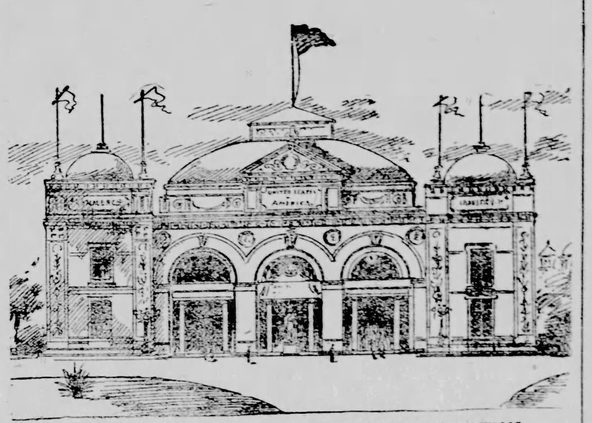
AMERICA'S BUILDING

UNCLE SAM'S BIG BUILDING AT ANTWERP.

Our Manufacturers to Take a Prominent Part for the First Time in a Big Foreign Exposition

Right on the heels of the colossal Columbian exposition there comes another World's Fair, the Antwerp International exhibition of 1894, "under the high patronage of Leopold II, the King of the Belgians." It will be inaugurated May 5, with the fanfare and trappings of royalty.

In the light of recent events, it will not be a big undertaking, and would attract but little attention here, but for the fact that American manufacturers will take a particularly prominent part in the exposition. Heretofore the United States has not taken a large part in foreign expositions, but profiting by the experience of the Chicago fair and stimulated by an appreciation of the possibilities



AMERICAN BUILDING AT THE ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

to trade offered by general expositions, the manufacturers of this country have decided to be properly represented at Antwerp, says the New York Herald.

When the visitor to the exposition on the banks of the "lazy Scheldt" passes in to the grand entrance on the Place Publique next summer, one of the most striking pictures to greet his eye will be the facade of the American building. It will be one of the most beautiful and pretentious pieces of architecture on the grounds. Facing the grand entrance from an advantageous position on the right, its prominence will rival that of the Salle des Fetes, and will be excelled only by the Galleries de l'Industrie, or main building. It is regarded as the most prominent site ever accorded a foreign country at an exposition.

The building will be modern Renaissance style, 240x150 feet. It will be constructed of steel, iron and glass, after the fashion of the exhibit buildings at the Columbian exposition, and interiorly it will be arranged to serve as an exhibition hall. There will be no club-house features to the building, but the main feature will be its arrangement for the display of American manufactures that may find a market abroad. Around the main hall will be rooms reserved for post and telegraph offices, telephone, information bureau, money exchange, writing rooms and newspaper file rooms for American newspapers. In addition, there will also be a barber shop, smoking room, ambulance and drugs, check room and toilet rooms. These rooms will open from the exhibition hall, whose main entrance on the south will be through a grand vestibule, 110 feet wide, approached by a broad marble stairway.

There willl be a separate entrance on the east side of the building, the entire space of which will be divided into rooms for the press and a commercial room, where catalogues and —ture of exhibitors will be exhibited. The commercial room will serve as an exchange for the transaction of business by exhibitors.

The main exposition court is open to the dome, but surrounded by a gallery. In addition to two broad stairways which lead up to the gallery, there will be two American elevators, which in themselves will be novelties there. Opening on to the gallery will be exhibit rooms of the various states. The largest of these will be 40 by 82 feet, will be devoted to the United States government. There will be eighteen rooms on the second floor.

In the center of the main hall will be an illuminated electric fountain and a soda water fountain, which is peculiarly an American institution in its modernized proportions.

The building is rectangular in design, while the space allotted to the United States is irregular in shape, caused by the Rue Ro Retranche—ment, which runs obliquely through the exposition grounds. There is thus left a pentangular piece of ground on the west, adjoining the Electricity building. On this will be erected a model fire station, where the system which has made the fire service of the United States unrivalled throughout the world will be demonstrated. The station will have all of the latest devices for fire-fighting. An ambulance wagon will also be placed in the annex.

In the rear of the American building there will be a complete modern shoe factory in operation. This will be an important exhibit, as this country is recognized to be far in advance of the rest of the world in the manufacture of shoes, as was conclusively shown by the Chicago fair, if that exhibition were needed to demonstrate the fact.

The American building and its annex will contain 20,000 square feet of space. In addition to this 60,000 square feet has been allotted to the American section in industry or main building; 20,000 square feet in the electricty building and 20,000 square feet in the machinery building, thus making a grand total of 146,500 square feet of space at the Antwerp exposition to be occupied by American products.

The United States commission is presided over by Thomas B. Bryan, commissioner general of the Columbian Exposition, while it includes ex-president Thomas W. Palmer, a long list of national commissioners, the clerks of departments of the World's Fair and representatives of nearly all the states.

The American building, however, is to be erected by a corporation styled the American Propaganda. The concern has been appointed the American agent of the exposition, and will control the space in the American building. This concern is intended to be a permanent thing, supported by American manufacturers, for the purpose of making exhibits at all future foreign expositions with a view to promoting the export of American wares.

The Antwerp International Exposition will continue from May 5 to November 12. It will be general in scope and compared with previous foreign expositions, of commanding proportions. It will occupy about 200 acres of ground in the new quarter of the city beside the River Scheldt. Its main buildings, constructed of iron and steel and roofed with zinc, will cover 1,080,000 square feet. They will be continuous with one another, covering the west and northwest sides of the ground, forming an obtuse angle. There will be foreign villages and an American Plaisance. The clou to the exposition will be a castle in the air—a cafe supported above the tops of the buildings by balloons.

Possibly.

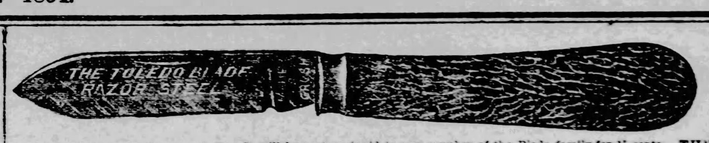
Tommy—Paw, what does this mean, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread?"

Mr. Figg—Um—er—I guess it means the fellow who has to beg has no right to be deemed a Christian'—Indianapolis Journal.

No Meat Here.

A vegetarian paper is printed in Berlin on paper described as "purely vegetarian" of a light green color, the dye used being derived from plants.

THE BLADE'S RAZOR.



The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal representing stag. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl, a good garden or kitchen knife for the mother, and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR DOM PEDRO'S THRONE.

Prince Augusto Leopoldo May Become Brazil's Imperial Ruler.

If the insurgents succeed in overthrowing the republican government of the United States of Brazil, and if they replace it by another empire, the sovereign, in the opinion of a contributor to the New York Times, will not be the daughter of Dom Pedro II. Isabella, Princess of Braganza, whom the Brazilians do not like, nor her husband, Gaston d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu, whom they detest, nor one of their sons, Pedro, wih is eighteen years of age, Louis, who is fifteen, or Antoine, who is twelve. The imperial line of the Braganza family was extinct when Dom Pedro II. died, and the Orelans family has not enough power, or enough popular affection anywhere, to form an imperial line in Brazil.

The Brazilian imperialists have a serious candidate in a member of the Saxe-

PRINCE AUGUSTO LEOPOLDO.

Gotha. The latter, born at Eu, in France, in the palace of the Orleans family, Aug. 9, 1845, was married at Rio de Janeiro Dec. 15, 1864, to Leopoldino, Princess of Brazil, who died in 1871 at twenty-four years of age. He was admiral of the Brazilian navy and Brazil retains only delightful recollections of him.

Augusto Leopoldo was born at Rio de Janeiro Dec. 6, 1867, four years before his mother's death. The Brazilians ever expressed a sympathetic affection for the child and the youth. Prince Leopoldo is in his twenty-seventh year, is well educated and is said to possess the distinctive grace of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha princes.

How It Happened.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrox had joined the church."

"I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—Detroit Free Press.

They Tattoo In Punic Symbols.

During a stay in Tunisia, M. Vercourire discovered that the tattoo marks on the faces and limbs of the natives, representing a human figure, are really an imitation of the manikin found on the monuments of Phoenicia and Carthage, which archaeologists call the "Symbol of the Punic Trinity."—London Globe.

GUNS

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

HORSE AND CATTLE DOCTOR.

A book by two distinguished veterinarians. Describes every disease of Horses and Cattle in such a manner that the malady will be readily recognized. Tells how to cure diseases and how to cure them; gives methods for breaking mean horses, etc. Every farmer should have a copy. Will be sent FREE to anyone sending TEN CENTS for Three Months' trial subscription to our journal, containing farm and family papers. THE FARMER'S GUIDE AND HOME COMPANION. Send silver dimes or postage stamps. Address THE GUIDE PUBLISHING CO., Huntington, Ind.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—647 acres, Reno Co., Kansas, 2½ miles from railroad; 80 acres, highly improved, 3 miles from Wichita, Kan., town 4,000 people; 10 acres, improved, Butler Co., Kan., 5 miles from railroad. I will sell or exchange any of the above for land in O., or other good town property. W. L. Holbrook, Toledo, O.

PILES Have You Got Them? I don't care how bad you are, I can CURE YOU. W. A. ELDRIDGE, 6 Gatwater Street, Detroit, Mich.

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BLADE PRESCRIPTION.

Case 183—Third Prescription, for the cure of Seminal Weakness. Medicine for one month, by mail, $1.00. SOUTH SIDE PHARMACY, Lock Box 339, Toledo, Ohio. (Sample Box 5 c.)

AGENTS wanted for Settee Ironing Board, patented; good seller, good profits. Write for terms. WM. BIRKIE, Danby, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you FREE a Watch Chain for examination. A Guarantee For 5 Years and cheap also if you care to buy. You examine it and if you think it a bargain, pay our sample price, $2.75, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again. THE NATIONAL M'F'G. —AND— IMPORTING CO. 334 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum, and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month we shall be unable to take care of any orders, except a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can take care of it later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care not to let your subscription have expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

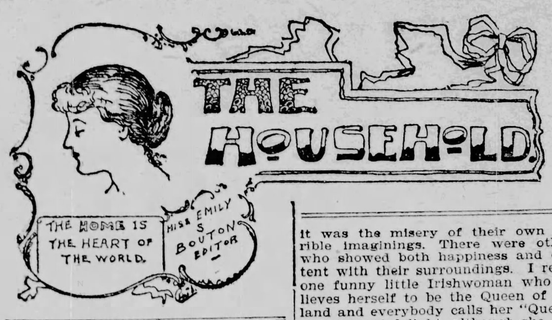
Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out, and have their time extended at once on the books of the Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in



For The Blade.

REST.

"And it is still denied."—Owen Meredith.

We seek for thee, O mystery of Rest,
We reach our hands in vain;
Still is unquiet in the human breast,
Burthen, and toil, and pain!

By heartaches lapsing do we count our years,
A few bright, golden hours;
The angels bearing smiles to star the tears
That blossom swift to flow'rs!

All tender and serene the soul would numb,
While voiceless purpose mute
Could ne'er prehide God's consummation, dumb
And dead the seed or fruit!

Rest! Sleep! Little the heart undaunted needs
Of either. This is best:
Work in its high resolves eclipses creeds,
And voids the need of rest!

E. S. L. THOMPSON.

HOME TALKS.

WATCHING INSANE PATIENTS AT AN ENTERTAINMENT.

What Is the Law With Which to Govern Them—A General Law to Govern Everybody.

Somebody has said that there is no human being who has not a twist of some kind in the brain, which, if it were known to exist, would be sure to be a ticket of entrance into the insane asylum. There may be a fraction of truth in this assertion, however loath we are to believe it. The only real difference between the great majority of those in and those out of such institutions, lies in the fact that just the circumstances and environments to make the twist visible have been brought to bear in the one case and not in the other. Just let the most hard-hearted scientist, or the most practical worker be subjected to the kind of strain calculated to bring out his peculiar idiosyncracy, and then let it be continued until resistance is weakened, and a certificate of lunacy will be obtained in short order.

I could not help thinking of this as I sat, the other evening, looking over an audience made up of some nine or ten hundred of the inmates of Northwestern Ohio Insane Asylum, collected in the pretty auditorium to listen to recitations by Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving., this being one of the regular course of entertainments provided for them through the winter season. There they sat, men and women, young and old, of all grades of education and refinement, quiet and attentive, as well behaved as any audience assembled in an ordinary place of amusement. There was this difference. People in such places hide, under the mask of gaiety, their pain and anguish. No matter how much they may be suffering mentally, it is not allowed to come to the surface. Here, on the contrary, no effort was made to conceal the feelings, further than to control any noisy demonstration. Some wore an air of indifference; the faces of others had a set look of distress that was very painful; while many more presented an appearance that would have puzzled any one but an expert to decide that it was not one of sanity. There was another thing. While they seemed, as a whole, pleased and interested as this mistress of her art passed from the pathetic to the gay, anon thrilling us with patriotic words that rang like strains of martial music, then with irresistibly comic effects, personating the impatient husband, the love-lorn elderly damsel, or the quick-witted child, their expression changed but little, in many cases not at all. I had the impression that some of them felt a sort of pride in not making manifest their enjoyment.

Watching this orderly people, my mind went back to the time when, as a child, I saw the first insane person who entered into my experience. She was a woman, raving at times, often dangerous, and yet remaining in the care of her family, who, worn out with watching, vainly attempted to keep her confined to the little room set apart for her occupancy. Keen and shrewd, quiet when that would secure her escape, she would manage to elude her watchers, and away she would go with flying footsteps, leading them a chase to which the will-o'-the-wisp's was no comparison. Once I saw her racing across a vacant lot, knife in hand, with which she threatened any who attempted to approach her.

There has been a great change in the treatment of the insane from then to now, and nowhere is it more apparent that a great step forward has been made than in the way the institution I speak of is conducted. Dr. Tobey, who is at the head, has become widely known, and justly so, for his skill in this direction. His aim is to teach his patients self-control; to have them understand that their trouble is to be recognized as a disease which is to be fought and conquered as is any other ill to which flesh is heir to. He trusts them, and they do not betray his trust. Rarely, indeed, is he obliged to use force in coercing them. They like and obey him, because while frankly admitting that they are crazy, he yet treats them as if they were not beyond reason. His management of this city of crooked brains is admirable, for with an ever ready sympathy with their suffering, a tender and far-reaching care for their comfort, he combines the qualities that challenge the respect of the sane or the insane alike, and are potent in their influence to steadiness. This of itself is an important factor in dealing with those who are the sport of sudden and overmastering impulses.

We were fortunate in being allowed to pass through the different cottages, including what are called the strong wards in which are the patients who are considered most violent. They are all clean and well-ordered, pretty and tasteful. Nowhere were there any signs of fear or compulsion. Misery there was in some of the faces, but it was the misery of their own terrible imaginings. There were others who showed both happiness and content with their surroundings. I recall one funny little Irishwoman who believes herself to be the Queen of Ireland and everybody calls her "Queen" to her great delight, although she considers it only her due. Had I not known the fact, I should never have suspected in the ward where she was that I was among the insane. It is true that one woman rather transcended the bounds of courtesy in her very obvious amusement at something about my dress. What it was I do not know, but she would look at it a moment and then go off again and again into paroxysms of silent laughter.

The whole atmosphere of the place shows the spirit which governs the management. Dr. Tobey and his lovely wife with their efficient corps of assistants are doing a splendid work, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated. Few indeed are they who are gifted with the peculiar qualifications that render such an undertaking successful.

To go back to the twist in the brains of so many people. It is said that it is increasing, that each year the numbers who lose control of their thinking faculties are rapidly multiplying. This is a sad commentary upon present conditions. It comes largely from the restless, nervous mode of life; from the strain under which many live. There is no repose, no tranquility. People rush from one thing to another with only the thought of material accomplishment. So much must be compressed within a given time or the sky will fall. This is the spirit in which the days are passed.

There are laws which are just as invariable as those of the natural world that we never dream of denying. They relate to the higher, finer forces of the spiritual world with which we may put ourselves in harmony. This is no impossibility as is fast coming to be understood. It is not necessary to wait for the outgoing from the physical body for these forces to act. Open the doors to their inflow, and they will not fail to enter and abide with you.

How shall we do this? By putting ourselves always in the receptive attitude towards these unseen but most potent influences. Think health, think strength, think success, think prosperity; in other words, hold fast to the belief that these things are within your reach, only waiting to enter in and vivify the life. Shut out doubt and fear and discouragement. Refuse to listen to their dismal prophecies whether they come from your own self or from others. Be strong in the belief that there is a bright side to life, and that you will see it.

You can do this. But first it is necessary to resolve to rise out of this atmosphere of unrest, to live on the higher plane of repose. By this I mean to possess yourself, through the force of your own will—which rightly used is one of the most potent of spiritual faculties for good—thus be ready for the influx of these influences that make for advancement in all directions.

These are no idle words. They are possibilities coming to be more and more recognized by a constantly increasing class of people. And when the force of the will for good comes to be understood; when the possession of oneself becomes the rule—through an understanding of the spiritual law governing it, insanity will grow far more exceptional than it is now, and these great institutions for their care will be diminished rather than multiplied. Dr. Tobey is putting in force a great, but only partially recognized law when he makes his patients govern themselves instead of feeling that they are and must be controlled by others, using to carry out his purpose that other even greater potent law of love which comes from the desire to help humanity.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Little Well Meant Advice to Would-be Poets.

In our correspondence this week were two poems, one, "Jesus Knows," is printed in the Correspondence today, fancying that readers will perceive the "poet spirit" that fills it. The author may or may not become celebrated, but her verses will carry comfort to the hearts of many of her friends, and to not a few of the outside world.

The second poem, alas, has nothing to recommend it, and the only object in mentioning it here, is to teach others who fancy themselves embryo poets, the first steps that are necessary to develop their talent—if they have any!

The writer in question has a tolerable knowledge of spelling. That is good, for all are not Whitcomb Rileys, and ordinary verse looks better when it is well-spelled, but here, her knowledge ceases. In the poem of sixteen lines, only eight lines are commenced with a capital letter, and of these four are capital I's. The capitals are scattered helter-skelter through the lines wherever the writer chose to put them, and certainly have a novel and unique appearance. Some people have an idea that it is necessary to have a certain number of syllables in each line of verse, divided into "feet," as the grammarians put it; others think there should be rhyme, if not reason, in poetry.

This writer disdains such conventionalities. Her first four lines indeed have a regular number of syllables in "6-8 measure," as the hymn books say, but there isn't the ghost of a rhyme in them. The next four lines read "6-8-8-7," rhyme still lacking; it seemed as if it might be blank verse, but no, in the next four lines came the rhyme, the only one in the poem, but the metre was "8-6-8-7," with one misspelled word to boot!

In the last four lines the climax of the poem was reached, and that probably accounted for the fact that metre, rhyme and capitals were so hopelessly confounded that the editor gave up trying to straighten them out.

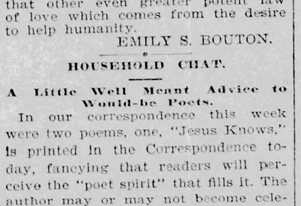
Now, this matter of poetry-writing does not properly belong to the Household Chat, only as in this way all who are attempting such mode of expression may be reached. Nor is this criticism designed to discourage any one, but simply in all kindness to show what are the absolute requisites of anything approaching success.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

Pretty Things Which Help Make Life a Pleasure.

To Hang Window Draperies.

A very pretty way is to have the drapery in one long piece which is passed through a ring at the center of

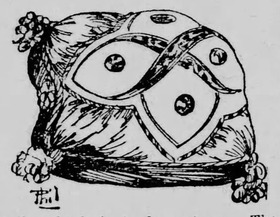


the pole, then again at each end and then allowed to fall straight to the floor. This looks especially well for silk.

Foot Cushions.

These are very convenient articles, as many people like to have something upon which to rest their feet either because the chair is too high, or the floor cold. They can be made so as to be much more ornamental than the ordinary carpet hassock, while equally useful. A frame which can be bought at the furniture store may be used although it is, of course, possible to do without it.

In the cushion shown the four corners are covered with velvet plaited, the plaits being drawn towards the center. The piece on the top has four points shaped like the points of oval leaves. This should be made of broadcloth. A pattern is to be embroidered upon this which may be cut out showing a different colored satin underneath. This piece is sewed on over the plaited velvet and the edge followed round with heavy cord. The velvet plaitings are to be drawn low down on the cushion, and then a felt or

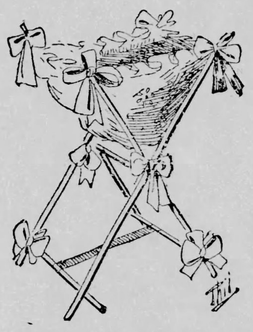


leather back is to be put on. The cushion should be stuffed very full, around the edges heavy cord is to be sewed, and loops made at the corners. Something cheaper may be substituted for the velvet, but it ought to be a material that would stand wear.

Another pretty foot cushion may be made by having a first covering of bright colored sateen or Turkey red calico, and then over that a gray linen with pattern of some conventional design, which can be button-holed and then cut out, showing the bright color through the openings.

Pretty Workstand.

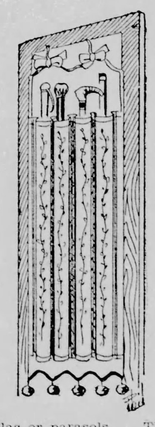
Get a frame of a camp stoool. Gild the four legs and cross-pieces or paint them some delicate color, depending upon the place it is to occupy. Take a



long piece of some figured material, which when folded together will just reach the middle cross-piece. Have it wide enough to gather full upon the cross-pieces. Take two V-shaped pieces of the same cloth, the tops of which are the same width of the other and sew them into making the points come just to the middle. This will form a bag when drawn upon the elastic which form the stay of the sides. The whole should be lined with some bright colored plain cloth. Ribbons may be tied at the corners and at the ends of the center cross-piece.

Umbrella Case.

This convenient article may be hung upon the inside of a closet door, and thus be shut away from ordinary sight. Yet it is quite desirable that the article be a pretty one. The one shown here is made of the useful and strong blue denim. The back has the dark surface showing. It is cut of a width sufficient for holdings of four



umbrellas or parasols. The top has two slight points and the bottom four well-defined ones. This is made double and bound all around with braid or ribbon.

The casings are of the denim made the light side out. They are cut in one piece, but that is wide enough to make four compartments. Divide this lengthwise into four sections, and put a vine of showy etching down the center of each. Stitch it to the back of the edges and across the bottom, and then down between the vines. The lines of stitching are to be followed with a pretty cord all around and across the top. The casings must be considerably looser than the backs in order to give room for the umbrellas. Put a ball tassel upon each point at the bottom and a ribbon bow over the rings by which it is hung at the top.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

One of Our Friends Brings a Rare Bit From Ruskin.

I want to say, with Laura Golden, that John Ruskin is one of my favorite writers; his works are perfect mental feasts for me, so forcible that they leave an everlasting impression of such an elevation of thoughts and words as few authors can produce. Yes, I, too, wish every boy and girl, man and woman, would read his "Sesame and Lilies," and profit as much by it as I did. Is it not beautiful where he says:

"See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out first what you are now; write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can; if you dare not, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself in the face, in mind as well as body; no doubt but the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."—Sarl.

Method of Economy Criticized.

This is my first attempt to invade the Household circle, and to some of the ideas contained in the letter signed "Nex," in the last copy of The Blade is this attempt due. I am a man, but that fact does not exclude me from the right of opinon in regard to the matter of Household economy. I think that her notions of saving are a little overdrawn, and her ideas of economy are much too narrow. I think the dividing line should fall just where the boundary of necessity lies side by side with the confines of luxury.—M. F.

Greeting From Tennessee.

I think Miss Bouton's letters are worthy of careful reading. The tribute of respect to Lucy Stone, written by her, I shall never forget. As I read it to a dear sister upon whom that dread disease consumption was preying, I thought it would soon be a suitable tribute for her. The tears ran down her cheeks while I was reading. No doubt she too had the same thought, and since then she has left me for the mansions prepared for the children of God.—Tennessee Girl.

Babies as a Household Decoration.

No rare article of virtu can equal a healthy bouncing baby as a household decoration. No flower grown in our gardens can compare with these blossoms of God's garden, that have been entrusted to our care for a time. Small, beautiful and fragile they are easily injured by lack of proper care, injudicious indulgence or evil influence. But if lovingly guarded, wisely taught and judiciously governed, the good qualities slumbering in their hearts will germinate and develop to reward the patient efforts of the mother. And should a higher wisdom take a cherished one from her care to be transferred to the great nursery above, it will bloom on in transfigured beauty to the glory of the Master.

Only constant watching coupled with careful and intelligent study of her child, will enable a woman to truly comprehend its faults and evil inclinations and the highest form of mother-love will prompt her to restrain its impulses and guard it from conditions and associates that would tend to foster inherited weakness or vice. The sons and daughters of such a mother will grow up with a sound mind and body; an honor to the mother whose unselfish love will be repaid by filial devotion.—A. M.

Jesus Knows.

Jesus knows
All life's heart-aches, all life's woes,
The fierce temptations that oppose,
And oppress the soul.

Jesus knows
O weary heart and lonely,
He the mighty One and only
Can true comfort give.

Unto Him
O soul, in sorrow grieving,
Look! in simple faith believing,
Trusting His dear Word.

Sadie E. Reesor.

Clara Van Guard:—Your article on the "Pension Question" was good, but as the subject has been dropped in this column, we thought best not to revive it.

We print the following lines to Ella G., as a finis to that subject also:

Learn the lesson of contentment,
Light and shadow both are best;
Take whatever lies before you,
All is given for the best. Elias.

A Word to the Girls From a "Mrs."

I am not one of the girls, for there is a Mrs. prefixed to my name, but perhaps a few words will not be unwelcome. I can remember when my love of fun and good times almost made me forget duty. My school-girl life was free from care and my time at home was given up to music and entertaining friends, all of which was enjoyable to me; but now as I am housekeeper and know how many cares there are I think how many things I might have done to have lightened labor. Dear girls, look for dust and cob-webs that mother's eyes cannot see; keep your room tidy; choose friends that will be a comfort and cheer to the home circle; read good books; in music, study and perfect those selections which you know are standard, and above all things be earnest. I wish every young woman would have that motto "Be Earnest," framed and hung where she could see it every time she thought of doing anything "just for fun." Do not think I wish you to be prosy and dull, but do not gain your fun at the expense of others. Endeavor to remember something bright or interesting to repeat at meal time. I know when I am tired and work seems to be more than I can do, a few new thoughts to work on makes me forget that I am weary, and the work seems almost done itself. There is so much in making every move count. I find it much easier to keep my work up each day than to let it go for two or three and then overdo myself to accomplish what is necessary.—S. G. E.

Your other "ideas" were excellent, and we shall use them very soon. More of the same sort will be acceptable.—Ed.

INQUIRIES

From Many Correspondents With Many Wants.

Will "Jean Hunt" advise me how to color a man's suit of light gray clothes dark blue or navy blue? I have a full dress of light blue woolen goods, and a quantity of rusty black brocaded satin. Is there any chance of their being colored a good black and made into a stylish dress? I have some nice jet trimmings I could use with it. I know nothing of dyes or dyeing, and will be very glad for the information and for any suggestions as to the making of the dress after it is dyed.—Mary Brown.

Will some of The Blade readers tell me how to dye a pair of tan colored kid gloves, that are perfectly whole, but have become soiled.—Mrs. W. L. Perkins.

Can any of The Blade readers furnish the poems, "Memories of the War" and "The Whistling Regiment?"—Mattie L. Sharp.

Can any of the Household tell me how to mark patterns on black cloth for working flowers?—Tennessee Girl.

Will some one tell me how to treat a Chinese sacred lily after it has bloomed, so that it will bloom another year? I have treated them as I do tuberoses and other bulbous plants, but with no success.—Julia Julia Breneman.

Will some one tell me where I can obtain sulphuret of barium, which I have seen recommended in The Blade and other papers for the removal of superfluous hair? I have not been able to find it in any of the drug stores in my neighborhood, and will be grateful to any one who can tell me how to use it.—Martha Kiefer.

I would like to be told how I can color a white leghorn hat black. Also, I have a light tan-colored dress that became soiled, and in trying to clean it with gasoline, I made it spotted as well. Can I color it tan again, or any other light color?—L. M.

Is there anything that will prevent the hair from breaking off? Mine seems very brittle.—"A Briton."

Answers.

To the lady who sent the letter for "Martin:—We are very sorry that we cannot do as you requested, but it is impossible, as we do not preserve the addresses of our Household correspondents. We appreciate your kindness of heart, and should have been very glad to have "lent a hand" in so good a cause if we could.—Ed.

"Phena":—Please pardon our seeming neglect of your request. The letter was mislaid, and has only now come to our hands. While it would give us great pleasure to aid in the good work you advocate, it would not be possible for us to print the appeal, as we should be besieged by similar ones from every side.

If Martin will bathe the parts affected with rheumatism in equal parts of chloroform and campher, I am sure it will bring relief—Mrs. W. L. Perkins.

A cure for rheumatism for "Martin":—To 1 quart of the best whisky add 3 ozs. prickly ash berries and 1 1-2 ozs. pokeberries. Mix well and let stand for 6 hours. 1 tablespoonful is a dose.—A. M.

"Anxious Mother":—Your baby has hydrocephelous, or water gathering on the brain. A remedy is found in one of Dr. Schurk's tissue remedies, "Calcaria Phos." six X (XXXXXX), a powder the size of a pea every night and morning. The medicine can be obtained at any drug store where homeopathic remedies are for sale. It is a serious matter, and should be attended to at once.—"Oregon Nell."

RECIPES.

The All-Absorbing Question, "What Shall We Eat?"

Pumpkin Pie.

One pint pumpkin, one pint milk, four eggs, one cupful sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger one-half nutmeg. Put the milk in the last thing.—"Sho Sho."

"Sho," now! it strikes the cook that pie would be too thick; the way she makes them is thusly:

Pumpkin Pie, No. 2.

One pint pumpkin, one quart milk, two eggs, sweeten to taste; flavor with ginger, and a very little salt. We stew our pumpkin longer than most people, so it is a dark-brown when we call it ready to put through the colander. It makes a richer pie, than that that is merely stewed soft; good new milk adds to the "richness" also.

Gingerbread.

One cupful molasses, one cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful sour milk, four eggs, three and one-half cupfuls flour, one tablespoonful ginger, one tablespoonful soda. Bake in shallow tins in a quick oven.—"Sho Sho."

Gingerbread Without Eggs.

One cupful molasses, one cupful sugar, one cupful sour milk, one cupful shortning, two teaspoonfuls soda, one each of cinnamon, cloves and ginger and a little salt.—Mrs. O.

Cream Pie, With Cream in It.

One pint good cream, one egg, one level tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls granulated sugar; less sugar may be used as this quantity makes it very sweet. Season with a little nutmeg grated over the cream after it has been put in the crust.—One Who Has Tried It.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

"We Girls" Have Another Confab, With a Word From the Editor.

The editor thinks the subject of "Beau Ideals" has been very thoroughly discussed, and suggests that her girls "think up" another. She notes with regret that some of the Merry-Go-Rounders fail to send her their address with their letters. Can't you trust her, girls? And here is a nice letter from "Alsa"—that is quite unavailable because it is written on both sides of the paper. We shall hope to hear from her again in a "revised edition" of her former effort.

An Excellent Standard.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Books are like dear companions to me, and I select them as I do my friends for their worth; thinking we should always try to read those that are helpful to us in some way. Louisa M. Alcott, E. P. Roe and Mrs. Stowe are among my favorite authors; I also like "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace. Have any of you read "The Prince of India?" I agree with "Blanche Evelyn" in regard to associating with or marrying young men of bad habits. I think we should require from them purity for purity and honor for honor. —Pansy Viola.

"Pauline" Introduces a Question.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I enter your circle bringing a question with me. Why is it that with all the discussions about the bad habits of young men those of the girls are so seldom mentioned? Are we so perfect, so proof against all petty deceits and numerous other things that we cannot be improved? Let us describe our model young woman, and by living up to that model as best we can influence the young men by example, by deeds, not empty words.

My model young man is like many whom you have described, only he sometimes dances and plays a quiet game of cards with his friends. Will some one, who objects to dancing, state her reasons? How many of you have read "Lucile?" I have just finished it, and think it delightful.

A happy New Year to you all and to the editor.—Pauline.

From the Summer Land.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounders:—I am 16 years old, and live in Louisiana on a farm two miles from a city. My favorite author is Louisa M. Alcott. I have read several of her books, and I like 'Little Women" best of any of them.

I agree with "Chatterbox" about young men, and am afraid it would be hard to find many that were perfect in everything, and I think the same about girls.

Spring and winter are the best time of year in this country. It hardly ever snows here, and I miss coasting very much. My ambition is to be a teacher. —Helen.

An Admirer of "The Duchess."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am a school girl, and the studies I like best are history, philosophy and arithmetic. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite novelists are Charlotte M. Braeme and The Duchess. I think "Molly Bawn" by the latter is splendid. Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant are my favorite poets. Do you think a girl of 15 too young to receive attentions from gentlemen? — Tiger Lily.

Much Depends on Character.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—May I join your charming circle? I enjoy reading The Blade so much since this cosy corner was established. I go to school, but intend to teach next winter. I think algebra is a very nice study. How many of you agree with me?

My favorite author is Miss Cary; I also admire Louisa M. Alcott. I have two questions to ask. Should a girl receive attentions from her teacher when he calls at her father's house? Is a girl of 16 capable of being truly in love?—Olivette.

On Dangerous Ground.

The young man I associate with is not an ideal boy, nor even a moral boy, but would I be justified in discarding his friendship on that ground? I think if any one needs a friend it is the immoral young man. Will "Wide Awake" please send her address to the editor, and state whether or not she is willing to correspond?—Kathleen.

A "Veteran's Daughter's" Say.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am a daughter of a veteran, and I am also like many of the others, a school girl preparing to be a teacher. I have not yet taken up the study of Latin, but i mean to next year, and I know that I shall enjoy it. I love history, but dislike arithmetic. I like E. P. Roe's works, and those of Louisa M. Alcott, and Susan Coolidge, and I love music. Don't you think if the girls would exert the right kind of influence over their brothers, there would soon be a better class of young men in the country?—Lucile.

A Sympathizer With "Blue Bell."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I can sympathize with you, "Blue Bell," for my home is also in the country, where hills surround us, and look beautiful in the fall, but sad and lonely now.

My favorite study is algebra. I also like music. I agree precisely with "Mona" in regard to girls and boys who go to dances. I do not think a teacher who goes to such a gathering is as highly respected by his scholars. In answer to "Jennie's" question, I would say that I do not think a girl should marry before she is of age.—Daisy.

A Girl's Evening Jacket.

The elaborately trimmed and very large sleeves have made popular the short, sleeveless jacket, and for the same reason there has been brought to the front for evening wear, the long jacket without sleeves, writes Isabel A. Mallon in an exquisitely illustrated article describing "Evening Wraps for Girls," in the January Ladies' Home Journal. By its use lace frills are kept from being crushed sleeves can be pulled to the shape they ought to be, and a greater warmth, caused, of course, by the closer fit, is achieved. As it is expected to harmonize with every gown the long, sleeveless is usually of black. It is fitted in the back and flares out in full, umbrella fashion; is semi-loose in front, being fastened by large hooks which are invisible. Straight down each side of the front is appliqued a broad band of coffee-colored lace, and this is caught here and there by jet and gold spangles. Above the armholes stand high epaulettes of lace. About the neck is a square collar of lace. With this is worn a three-cornered bonnet of lace with a gold butterfly just in front, and narrow black velvet ties.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER AQUARELLE."

The Youngest Daughter of Julia Ward Howe—Her Career as a Novelist, and Other Things.

The name of Julia Ward Howe is so familiar and so revered that her daughter could hardly fail to command attention even if she were less talented than she is and able to attract by her own literary work.

Maud Howe Elliott is the youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and his wife Julia Ward, and was born in Boston in 1855. She was educated under the direct supervision of her mother. Very early she developed a taste for writing, but fear of ridicule from her older sister kept her from any effort looking to the publishing of her stories and poems.

Her first story in print appeared in

MAUDE HOWE ELLIOTT.

Frank Leslie's Weekly, for which she received a check for $15, and this sum she immediately invested in a cast of the Venus of Milo, which is today one of the most precious of her possessions. After that she began to write for the newspapers and for some time was a correspondent of one or two in New York, and from Newport in the summer of the Boston Transcript.

In 1887, she became the wife of John Elliott, an English artist, and went to Chicago to live. It was shortly after her marriage that she wrote "A Newport Aquarelle," which won an immediate success, the first five thousand copies selling within five weeks. This was published anonymously.. The next serious work was "The San Rosario Ranch," appearing under her own name. Then came "Atlanta in the South," written for the purpose of bringing the North and South nearer together. Following this was "Mammon" in Lippincott's Magazine. Another book which obtained considerable success was one named "Phyllida" that ran as a serial in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Elliott has also done considerable miscellaneous work. She is a good speaker and has delivered lectures upon "Contemporaneous Literature." Her life is filled with literary and artistic activities, which do not, however, prevent her from entering into and forming a part of social festivities.

As said before, her home for the larger part of the year is in Chicago, but the summer months are spent at "Oak Glen" near Newport. The following in regard to her life there appeared in the Book Buyer two or three years ago, and is as true of her to-day as then. It is in her own words:

"The summer," she says, "is my best working time, and the morning hours always produce the best work. My working habits may be best described by saying that I seize every minute of the day in which I am not obliged to do something else, and turn always with delight to my reading and writing. In the long summer days passed in the quiet of a secluded home five miles from Newport, my work has few interruptions. A drive through the quiet country roads or to the town of Newport, and a dip in the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, are the chief diversions I enjoy. Sometimes a day is passed in some friend's yacht, or, almost as delightful, on board one of the Newport coal-boats. In the height of the season I am sometimes drawn from the quiet of Oak Glen into the maelstrom of Newport festivities, but the cool peace of the long country days is the pleasantest thing that life has brought to me."

The Thrift of Good Spending.

If you would live long and prosper, cultivate a liberal mind. That is to say, let not the little foxes of daily expense gnaw unpleasantly at your financial consciousness. Part as cheerfully with your dollars as you greet them, and never by any means be of those mistaken souls who grudge the most necessary spending. Otherwise they would feel reprehensibly prodigal. The thrift of good spending is utterly beyond them.

Good spending does not imply lavishness. Indeed, it is straitly opposed to the useless frittering away of hard cash. Neither does it mean the keen bargaining, the rasping calculation, that in many minds stand for economy. Always that money is best spent which brings the largest returns, whether of comfort, luxury, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life.

As womankind spends mostly for personal and household matters, it may be well to make a somewhat more special application. If you would spend well, never buy cheap or sleazy stuffs, loud patterns or garments, whose only recommendation is their pronouncedness. Leave all such to the very rich folk and the cranks. One class can afford to throw them away when the gloss is off, the other fitly exploits itself by such array. Remember that by cheap stuffs are meant not inexpensive but honest fabrics, which are worth anybody's wearing, but the imitations which masquerade under fine names. Anybody who needs to look twice before spending a dollar should avoid them as she would the plague. In fact, Shakespeare's injunction, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," is most excellent wisdom for all whose garments are like to have long use. A fine, smooth, firm woven fabric, well colored, but not gaudy or striking, looks well as long as there is a thread of it. All the more so if fit and finish be of the best, and the cut only moderately of its season's fashion. Usually it is the exaggerations that serve as ear-marks of a special season's style. Better, much better, though, a thoroughly good garment of five years back than a cheap and tawdry one entirely up to date.

Many a woman who wastes each season twenty dollars piecemeal on the most ephemeral furbelows and frillings, would stand aghast at the suggestion of putting so much money in a length of good lace. Yet she could keep it from year to year; put it to uses innumerable; get out of it a hundredfold the distinction that her ribbons and ruchings afford, to say nothing of the heavenly satisfaction which such possesssions bring to the truly feminine soul. Even if she herself have not a fine feeling for lace, the envy of her fellow-women will be a sweet savor unto her spirit.

It is the same with jewelry; one good bit is worth a cart-load of glittering trash that in the aggregate costs more money. So, too, with articles of "bigotry and virtue." The golden rule for them is always "Much, not many." You disregard it upon pain of cumbering your abiding-place with an ever-growing litter of things you can scarce endure either to keep or to give away.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A feather bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to sleep.

It is said that chocolate cake can be kept fresh by wrapping it tightly in buttered paper and putting it in a tin box away from all other substances.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THOUGHTS.

In day-time, as I go about,
I hear my thoughts speak plainly out;
They bid me run and laugh and shout
And have all sorts of fun.
And when the lessons have been said,
They straightway put it in my head
To play again till time for bed,
Which comes when day is done.

At night-time, quite the other way,
I never once have heard them say
That they'd like me to go and play;
They are so still, you see.
For if they speak, it is so low
I cannot hear, and so I know
How noiselessly they come and go
While making dreams for me.

—St. Nicholas.

MAUD'S MIND CURE.

"You look a little out of sorts this morning, my dear," remarked Aunt Ruth to her niece who had just come in from the kitchen and sat down with a burdensome air and looking decidedly put out about something.

"Do you think it possible to be 'in sorts,' Aunt Ruth, when there's always so much work to be done?" asked Maud, half defiantly.

"Indeed I do. I enjoy work and should be miserable without it. And so would you."

"I should like to try it once," said Maud, skeptically. "I've just finished the kitchen work. Now I must make the beds up stairs: then go out into the garden and pick peas, after that shell them for dinner—and I hate to shell peas. They stain so, and keep my hands looking like frights."

Aunt Ruth turned her seam and while scratching it down she looked fixedly at Maud's pretty white hands.

"I think I have discovered the key that unlocks the mystery which has wrought the change I find in you this summer. It's that manicure set in all its elegance of plush and ivory on your toilet table."

"What! How?" and Maud's pretty eyelashes widened in surprise.

"Because I remember when I visited here last summer you had a delightfully useful and willing pair of hands. I thought them beautiful then. They were governed by a generous and obliging little girl; now they govern her, and there's danger of her growing selfish and vain. Dish-washing is detested because it dulls the polish of the nails. Sweeping hardens the palms, cooking leaves burns, and everything, in short, stains them beyond repair."

Maud smoothed her apron over her knees but was silent. She knew there was more coming, and though it was far from pleasant to be told all this, she never dreamed of taking offense, for Aunt Ruth was gentleness itself.

"When you are washing dishes, instead of thinking about your work and finding enjoyment in doing it well, you impatiently hurry it through, helter skelter, and all the time wishing yourself out on the shady lawn, reveling in the morning air and the hammock. When sweeping, you abhor the dust and long to be on the water idly rocking in the boat in your favorite nook. And so on. Did you ever try the experiment of keeping the mind cool? 'Keep cool' is an excellent motto for summer.

Fretting and worrying and impatience make us warmer and more uncomfortable than stoves or sun heat."

"I believe Aunt Ruth is a mind-reader," thought Maud as she went upstairs. "She expresse1 my feeling exactly. I'm a seething volcano inside most of the time that I'm doing things I dislike threatening to 'erupt' at a minute's notice. I'll try keeping my mind cool. Now I'm always thinking how I abominate making up beds, and that the farthest corners of the covers won't spread down smoothly, but kick up just to be exasperating and make me squeeze in by the wall and tuck them in. But instead of getting cross I'll pretend I like it all. Really, now, the exercise of throwing on the cover is equal to Indian clubs. Better, for my muscles are developing in a good cause. I'll make this bed up so nice that Fred will get sleepy the moment he looks at it. He works so hard at the store, he says some nights he is too tired to sleep. There, I've put the pillows on real straight, for me. Now for the peas."

Maud put on a pair of old kids, at Aunt Ruth's suggestion, and went out in the garden. The sun beat down on her back and glared back at her from the hot ground, but, having determined to keep her mind cool, she silently commented on the plumpness of the pods, the neatness of the garden, and felt very glad that it was summer and not 40 degrees below zero in midwinter. Her pail was full before she knew it and she went into the house, warm but happy.

When doing the dinner dishes that day, she rattled and banged while she impatiently thought. "Always at it; but I'll slam them up in a hurry. Those that are not wiped dry will dry before supper," and she seized two saucers and clattered and flourished the towel wildly.

Just then her new resolve recurred to her. "Down brakes! Now, Miss Cyclone, wipe those dishes as you should," she stormed at herself.

When she hung up her dishpan, a row of shining dishes reflected strong, high lights. "It's wonderful what a little elbow-grease will do," thought she. "They will not tell me to-night that my dishes feel gritty."

Taking the broom she proceeded to sweep the floor in her usual manner, making long strokes, giving a hurried stab at each corner, one wild spear under the stove, and was about to expel the dirt out of the door with one powerful stroke, when she paused and laughed.

"Dear me! I never realized before what a whirlwind I am. Let us investigate, pause, survey and call a halt, so to speak. Now there stands the vinegar and molasses jugs 'long side the kerosene can under the table very much 'to hum.' Out you go, every man-Jack of you, onto the shelf in the wood-house where you belong. Whew! Cobwebs, look at that spider-web behind the flour can. That spider has grown fat in his undisturbed hermitage, judging by the number of dried corpses dangling pathetically from his web. It has been my custom to pull the shades down before sweeping, but now I'll shove them up," and Maud fell to work with a scratch on one hand and a burn on the other. A tidy room was her reward.

Taking a dipper of hot water, Maud went up stairs to rest and make herself neat for the afternoon. When her eyes fell upon her bureau she felt discouraged. Every one of the drawers had something shut in it. Her cherry sash lolled out of the top of one like the tongue of a thirsty dog. Her jewel case stood on tiptoe in a saucer of chocolate creams; a pair of hose waiting to be darned were embracing the lamp standard; her watch was coslly ticking away on the scissors and button hook; the hair-brush, a daintily embroidered handkerchief and the burnt-match receiver were trying to look not out of place in a plate of orange peel. Maud had gotten up the night before to get some licorice, and sleepily fumbled the things on the bureau.

"What if I should be taken suddenly ill and the doctor had to come in this room. Wouldn't I feel ashamed? Well, the manicure set is to blame for all this confusion—if I slight one thing for my hands' sake I will another—I'll bid it a long farewell until I can use it with proper judgment." And Maud snapped the case shut and put it in her trunk.

Day after day Maud silently fought against her slothful habits, storming inwardly at her "cyclone side" as if it were another person whose society she wished to give the "dead cut."

Aunt Ruth was quietly observing the struggle, and one afternoon a few weeks later surprised that young lady by saying, "The girl I knew a year ago can not compare with the little girl I know to-day. Last year she was good from impulse. She has been tempted and tried now, and has come off victorious, and knows the difference between impulse and duty."

Maud blushed with pleasure.

"I did not know you were noticing. I do not leave so many dishes to soak," she said to cover her embarrassment; then added, with a laugh, "that you will not be obliged to put weights on me yet awhile."

"You may not be called an angel, it is true, but I have heard people spoken of as being 'charmingly human,'" said Aunt Ruth with a fond smile.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an English artist, born July 16, 1723. His father intended him for the medical profession but as he manifested from an early age a desire to be a painter he was in 1741 placed under Hudson, the principal portrait painter of the day. Here he remained for two years, when he established a studio of his own at Davenport. In 1746 he went to London and settled in St. Martin's Lane. In 1749 he went to Rome, spending three years in Italy; on his return, in 1752, his works attracted much attention. When the Royal Academy was established, in 1769, he was elected its President; was knighted by George III, and on Ram

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

AMERICAN MINISTER THOUGHT CLEVELAND WAS INSULTED

AND ASKED MR. DOLE TO WITHDRAW HIS WORDS.

This the Plucky President of Hawaii Refused to Do—Hot Letters Between the Two Clothed in Respectful Language.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The President in a brief note of transmittal, to-day submitted to Congress the latest correspondence relating to Hawaii. It comprises some brief notes of Minister Willis to Secretary Gresham, which are unimportant, but the chief feature of it are letters passing between Minister Willis and President Dole, in one of which the minister complains of an utterance of President Dole as reflecting on the President of the United States, and a letter from President Dole, in which he specifically inquires if Minister Willis's instructions authorized the use of force. Both these matters appear to have been settled by the receipt of the last message of the President to Congress, and the last instructions of Secretary Gresham to Minister Willis.

Willis's Letter to Gresham.

The most important part of the correspondence consists of a long letter from Minister Willis to Secretary Gresham, containing enclosures of correspondence between President Dole and himself. The letter 20 1-2, to Secretary Gresham, says:

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., at 12 a. m., the steamship Oceanic arrived with newspapers containing the President's special message in full, together with the instructions to Mr. Bount and myself. The message was reproduced in the afternoon papers under conspicuous headlines.

At 4 p. m. of the same day I received the four-page, closely written letter, which I enclose, from Mr. Dole, minister of foreign affairs, asking to be informed "with the least delay, whether (I) held instructions to enforce your policy with the use of arms in any event." The information desired, although fully embodied in the President's message, might have been asked for and, except for the remarkable statements contained in the letter, would have been promptly and satisfactorily given, in a few words.

Confident that the charges so surprisingly and unjustly made could not be sustained, an answer herewith enclosed, was on the following (Thursday) morning, sent to Minister Dole, asking that they be made more direct and specific.

On Friday morning, 29th ult., I received another letter from Mr. Dole, herewith enclosed, in which he says the "special message of the President of the United States • • • • has rendered any further correspondence on the subject of my letter of December 27 unnecessary, as the message satisfactorily answers the question," but he added, "if you still desire the specifications requested, I will be ready to furnish them."

The instructions of the President to me had been strictly followed, or if departed from at all, it had been in favor of the beneficiaries of our wrong-doing. I felt therefore that the statements contained in the letter of Mr. Dole of the 27th ult., were directed not at me, personally, but at the President and should be qualified or absolutely withdrawn.

Believing that the high character and sense of justice of Mr. Dole, that if he re-examined his letter, such would be the result, I wrote him a note which I enclose. This note was delivered at his residence on the night of the same day (Friday, December 29), upon which his second letter was received. Having no answer up to Sunday night, December 31, and having occasion to communicate with his colleague, Mr. Damon, upon another matter, I called his attention to the failure of Mr. Dole to reply to my note, which I explained to him, was written with no unfriendly purpose, but was, as by itself, declared, "for the best interest of all."

He informed me that the "advisory council met the next day at 12 o'clock and he thought the subject would then receive attention."

At 3 p. m. of that day (Jan. 1) I received the letter from Hon. S. R. Dole, herewith enclosed, in which he states that "it was not my intention to withdraw any of my letters."

This of course left every charge and statement in full force as of that date. Believing that these charges, whether so intended or not, reflected very unjustly upon the President whose agent I was, at 6 p. m. of the same day (Monday, Jan. 1) I replied in the inclosed letter, asking that the "desired specifications be furnished at the earliest convenience."

Up to this hour (Friday, Jan. 5) no reply has been received to this request, nor have I any intimation when one may be expected. My request for specifications has been in the hands of the minister of foreign affairs since Monday, Jan. 1, at 6 o'clock. I had hoped to receive it in time to answer by steamer Peking leaving to-day at 2 o'clock. Mr. Thurston and Mr. Hatch, late vice president of the provisional government leave to-morrow on the Australia for the United States. This delay in answering is a great surprise and regret.

I am fully prepared to show that every step taken by the representatives of our government has been in the direction of peace and good order.

On the 13th of November, as is well known here, the greatest excitement prevailed at the executive building, military forces were increased in numbers, and the volunteer companies were ordered on duty at night. The preparations were due, not to any fear of American intervention, but as Mr. Damon, minister of finance, called officially to explain, resulted from the apprehension of many citizens, mostly women and children, that as the following day was the birthday anniversary of King Kalakaua, large numbers of natives from the adjoining districts would be here, and an outbreak might occur.

Very respectfully,
ALBERT S. WILLIS.

Mr. Dole's Letter.

Enclosure No. 1 in No. 20 1-2.

Mr. Dole to Mr. Willis.

Department of Foreign Affairs,
Honolulu, Dec. 27, 1893.

Sir: Pending the further action of the government of the United States upon the matters contained in your communication of December 19th and my reply to the same, dated December 23d. I desire to call your excellency's most serious consideration to the dangerous and critical condition of this community, arising, I most respectfully submit, out of the attitude which you have assumed and the language which you have used in public and in communications to this government, and also out of the published letter of the secretary of state of the United States, and the president's message on the subject of the restoration of the monarchy.

"I do not, however, claim or intimate that this unfortunate situation has been intentionally created by you or by the government which you represent, but arises from a natural construction of your attitude and the ambiguous terms of the statements referred to.

"At the time of your arrival in this country, the forces of this government were organized, and were amply sufficient to suppress any internal disorder.

"After your arrival, you made communications regarding your policy, which were ambiguous, and for several weeks you failed to disclose your intentions, and have only partially done so up to the present moment, leaving this government to infer what they may ultimately be from the letter from Mr. Gresham and the President's message, in which it has been declared, in very distinct language, that the deposed queen ought to be restored to her throne by the government of the United States, and that to leave the United States to infer that this assumed obligation would be discharged.

"Your language expressed in public declared that you intended to perform some act when the proper time arrived, without disclosing what that act would be.

"Under these circumstances, there arose at once a general feeling of disquiet. The natural inference from your attitude, language and refusal to disclose your purpose, and from Mr. Gresham's letter and the President's message, was, and is, that you intended to use force in maintaining your policy. The fact is well known that you, as stated by yourself in your communication of December 19, without the consent or knowledge of this government, have held negotiations with the deposed queen for the purpose of overthrowing this government.

Apprehensions of both political parties as well as that of persons who remain neutral in thes matters, is that you hold instructions to use physical force for the restoration of the monarchy. I am not prepared to state that this government entertains this opinion, although it is in want of information to the contrary has compelled it to act as if it were correct.

In consequence of your attitude in this behalf, the enemies of the government, believing in your intention to restore the monarchy by force, have become emboldened.

Threats of assassination of the officers of this government have been made. The police force is frequently informed of conspiracies to create disorder. Aged and sick persons of all nationalities have been, and are, in a state of distress and anxiety. Children in the schools are agitated by the fear of political disturbances.

The wives, sisters and daughters of residents, including many Americans, have been in daily impression of civic disorder, many of them having even armed themselves in preparation therefor; citizens have made preparation in their homes for defense against assaults which may arise directly or indirectly from such conflict.

Persons have begun to pack their valuables with a view of immediate departure, large quantities of bandages have been prepared. Unprotected women have received the promise of asylum from the Japanese representative in possible disturbance arising in consequence of American invasion. Rumors of the landing of your troops for offensive purposes have agitated the community for many days.

The situation for weeks has been one of warfare without the incident of actual combat. Even the ex-queen has called upon this government for protection, which was awarded to her. Owing to your attitude, the government has been compelled by public apprehension, to largely increase its military force, at great expense. Its officers have been placed and still continue in a condition of defense and preparations for danger, and the community has been put into a state of mind bordering on terrorism.

The government has most earnestly sought from you or through your representatives at Washington, from your government some assurance that force would not be used, and has failed to obtain it. Your action has unfortunately, aroused the passions of all parties, and made it probable that disturbances may be created at any moment. I am informed by the military authorities that while the force at your command is sufficient to destroy this city, it is insufficient to suppress any general rising and conflict of armed forces and insurrections, or to prevent the loss of life and property.

This government is reluctant to believe that this condition of affairs was contemplated or expected by yourself or by the President of the United States. I have therefore to ask you to inform me with the least delay, whether you hold instructions to enforce your policy with the use of arms in any event.

I trust that you will be able in reply to give assurances that will tend to allay the apprehensions existing in the community.

I have the honor to be with the highest consideration, your excellency's obedient servant,

SANFORD B. DOLE,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The remainder of the correspondence consists of communications between Minister Willis and President Dole arising out of the statements in the latter's letters as given above. Under date of Dec. 27, Willis submits them as statements reflecting upon the President of the United States and his diplomatic agent; they should, in view of their importance, be set forth with more particularity and certainty. Each important statement in the Dole letter is cited and specifications are asked, the letter closing with the opinion that Mr. Dole, upon re-examination will not feel at liberty to affix his signature to such an extraordinary declaration.

December 29th President Dole replied that it was not necessary to further go into the matter, as the President's message to Congress satisfactorily answered the question as to the future actions of the administration.

There follows a letter of Mr. Willis suggesting the withdrawal from the government records of all this correspondence to which Mr. Dole politely declined assent. Then follows the last enclosure, which is a letter dated Jan. 1, from Minister Willis to President Dole, reviving the request for specifications as to the allegations made by President Dole, in order that he (Mr. Willis) may answer them, as he is fully prepared to show that they are not warranted by the facts.

Here this letter expresses regret at the Dole communication, as it "brings for the first time official information that warlike preparations described by you (Dole) were caused by and intended for the diplomatic and military representatives of the United States."

Washington, Jan. 20.—After the reading of the Hawaiian message of transmission at the request of Mr. Hitt, the Dole letter was read. It created Republican applause at several points. Afterward, at the request of Mr. McCreary, Mr. Willis' reply was read, and in turn received the approving plaudits of the Democrats. The subsequent correspondence invoked alternate applause on one side or the other, the Republicans signifying their approval of President Dole's letter, and the Democrats of Mr. Willis' communication. The party lines seemed strictly drawn.

ADMIRAL IRWIN'S REPORT

Placed on File With the Secretary of the Navy.

Washington, Jan. 22.—Secretary Herbert has received the following official report from Admiral Irwin, in command of the United States naval forces at Honolulu:

Pacific Station, Office of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. N.,
Philadelphia, Honolulu, Jan. 12.

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report in regard to the situation since the departure of the Corwin, on the 24th ult. The military preparations for defense continue to be made by the provisional government and the excitement is unabated. The newspapers assume that I, as the military representative of the United States government, intend to use force to restore the queen, at the same time they quote me as saying that I would not obey any order which I considered unlawful; also that the officers and men under my command had assumed the same attitude. These sensational reports are intended to influence public opinion in the United States and are entirely without foundation. Since my arrival I have carefull avoided all expression of opinion except in conference with the United States Minister, and have ordered all of my command to pursue a similar course. I may further add that Mr. Willis has never given me the slightest hint that there was ever any intention on the part of the United States government to use force in order to restore the queen. My own orders to preserve strict neutrality have been implicitly obeyed. It has been asserted quite often that we were prepared to land, which is true, but our motives were intentionally misconstrued, as Mr. Willis stated openly, and his statement was published, that he would land solely for the purpose of suppressing riot and to protect the lives and property of the defenseless. Were it not for the course of the newspapers in their endeavors to influence public opinion in the United States, no uneasiness would be felt, and business would go on as usual. Very respectfully,

JOHN IRWIN, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

J. W. Hile, an A. P. A. organizer, drew a revolver to quell a riot at Leavenworth, Kan., while he was speaking.

Pine Ridge Indians are said to be dying by wholesale from the grip.

MRS. STANFORD WANTS $3,000,000 IN RAILROAD STOCKS.

Report That Collis P. Huntington Has Got Them and Used Them as Security to Borrow Money.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—The filing last evening of a legal inventory and appraisement of the estate of the late Leland Stanford brings to light further information of the reported trouble between the Stanford and Huntington interests in the Southern Pacific. Mrs. Stanford, as executor, also filed sworn declaration that certain property belonging to the estate had not come into her possession, though knowledge of the ownership of such properties by the estate had come to her.

The declaration adds that she is proceeding with due diligence to obtain possession of such property, which she believes to be in the hands of other persons in New York and

MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

elsewhere, though she is now unable to ascertain the exact nature, character or value. For these reasons she asks the privilege of filing a supplementary inventory. The estimated value of these missing stocks is $3,000,000.

A clause in Mrs. Stanford's supplementary declaration says that among the missing properties are 3,250 shares of Santa Fe, 11,250 shares of Southern Pacific, 16,526 shares of Newport News & Mississippi Valley, 681 shares of Chesapeake & Ohio common, 3,762 shares of Illinois Central, 1,939 bonds of Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio 5 per cent; 65 bonds of Chesapeake & Ohio general 4 1-2; 794 Mexican International railway first 4, 1,271 Illinois Central first 4; 3788-69, 888 Kentucky Central trust fund of 1890.

LELAND STANFORD'S ESTATE.

He Owned $17,000,000 in the City of San Francisco Alone.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—The appraisement of the Stanford estate was filed yesterday afternoon. The total value of San Francisco property is $17,688,819. It is as follows: Stocks amounting to $11,752,486; bonds, $3,-838,160, and house and offects, $131,000; notes and accounts, $996,506; real estate, $9,896,82. This does not include the Palo Alto, Vina and Gridley properties, which were deeded to the university.

AN A. P. A. SPEAKER INJURED.

Over 2,000 People Gathered Outside of the Hall.

Appleton, Wis., Jan. 18.—Major Sims, the A. P. A. lecturer, was mobbed at Kaukauna last night.

A mob of 2,000 people collected outside of the hall and stoned the buildings. Sims and a party of friends barricaded the doors and resisted the assaults of the mob. The sheriff of Outagamie county was sent for by Mayor Renter, who also telegraphed for militia which Governor Peck denied unless asked for by sheriff.

The sheriff partly dispersed the mob, and with the local officers escorted Sims to his boarding place. The mob followed, throwing stones. Sims was knocked senseless by a stone, but officers fought the mob off and got him safely to his lodging. The mob then dispersed. Sims was escorted to a train this morning by three men armed with Winchester rifles and left for Ashland.

Bitter feeling has existed for several months at Kaukauna over the A. P. A., and the town is torn up socially and in business by the events of last night.

ATTACKING AN EX-PRIEST.

Row in Kansas City After an A. P. A. Meeting.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 17.—A crowd of 2,000 men collected outside the Turner hall last night, to take vengeance on an A. P. A. lecturer known as "The ex-Priest, J. V. McNamara." The speaker had appeared on the platform, armed with a rifle, and, stating that there was murder in the air, asked for protection.

After a bitter lecture, he and his wife, both armed, left the hall and entered a carriage. A stone was thrown. McNamara fired at the crowd, and a running fight of several blocks ensued, with many shots and a shower of stones. The lecturer and his wife finally escaped, no one having been seriously injured.

M'NAMARA IN DANGER.

He Might Have Been Murdered in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Jan. 22.—Had not the police authorities taken extra precautions to guard the life of J. M. McNamara, the ex-Catholic priest, whose lecture last night precipitated a riot, he would probably have received very rough treatment.

His preliminary hearing to answer to the charges of malicious libel and circulating foul and obscene literature was to have occurred this morning. Such a large crowd gathered that the authorities decided to transfer the hearing to the county jail, where McNamara was incarcerated. The news that the hearing was to be held there quickly spread, and a crowd, numbering fully 4,000 people, gathered outside of the jail. A number of extra policemen were detailed to endeavor to keep the crowd in order.

When McNamara was brought from his cell his countenance was very white. The court room was packed, and the spectators regarded him with anything but friendly glances. When the case was called McNamara's attorneys moved for a continuance, they not having conferred with him, and it was granted. The hearing was set for Thursday next.

THE A. P. A. AT CINCINNATI

Pass Resolutions Denouncing the Attack on Major Sims.

Cincinnati, Jan. 20.—The following resolution was passed by the state council of the American Protective association before its adjournment this morning:

"Whereas, We learn with regret of the cowardly and malicious assault made by a Roman Catholic mob upon the person of Major Simms, at Kaukana, Wis., as published in the daily press, for no other offense than that of exercising the right of free speech, and that on public and patriotic lines; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the members of the state council of the American Protective association of Ohio, hereby express our sympathy for Major Sims and pledge him to any aid and assistance he may need while engaged in his patriotic mission, and that we condemn the work of like mobs throughout our country, without stint or charity, though it is prompted by ignorance and superstition emanating from the priesthood of the organization that controls and promotes such diabolical, unlawful and traitorous conduct; and that it be further

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Major Simms."

A DARING ATTEMPT.

Five Masked Outlaws Attack the Danville Postoffice.

Danville, Pa., Jan. 18.—Five masked outlaws made a raid on the postoffice at an early hour this morning. A policeman saw a masked man crouching in the doorway and drew a revolver, but before he could fire, the stranger slipped around a corner.

The policeman rushed to the homes of Officers Dave Rissel, and John Van Gilger and gave the alarm. In a few minutes the three men ran to the postoffice in time to meet the mysterious stranger emerging from the door, followed by a companion. They blew a loud, piercing whistle and commenced firing revolvers at the police, who dodged behind the lamp posts and returned the fire.

Ten shots were exchanged, when the robbers were reinforced by three more men. Every one was well armed and a continuous round of firing commenced. The bandits formed a square and hugged the stone steps leading to the massive building, where they were able to escape the policemen's bullets.

Numerous citizens appeared armed with weapons of every description. The firing became so warm that the robbers concluded to retreat to the river bank. They discharged three volleys at the excited townsmen and ran eastward, each side exchanging shots. Van Gilger, who led the pursuers suddenly threw up his hands and fell shot through the lungs. About the same time two of the robbers fell. Their comrades grabbed them, and during a momentary halt of the pursuers, managed to reach the Susquehanna river.

A row boat was secured and three outlaws, after laying their wounded companions at the bottom of the boat, commenced sculling in the direction of the Northumberland side.

The pursuers, now a force of one hundred infuriated men, secured as many boats as possible and an exciting chase commenced, revolvers and rifles cracking at every turn, but no one was hit. Owing to their good start, the outlaws succeeded in reaching the opposite side before the foremost boat, containing the police, was half way across, and when the pursuers touched land the daring men were in the mountains which are being scoured on all sides by the sheriff's posse.

THE MAYOR WAS APPROVED

At Governor Tillman's Orders to Obey the Law.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 17.—Some time ago Governor Tillman sent out a circular letter to the mayors of all the cities and towns in the state calling their attention to the new dispensary law which provides that unless the police of the municipalities enforce the law against the blind tigers, the municipalities would be deprived of their share of the revenue derived from the state bar rooms. Yesterday Mayor Wicken sent an answer of Charleston's council.

In his letter to the board of control, of which the governor is the head, Mayor Wicken writes:

"Our self respect compels us to state that the inquiry made in your communication is not only without precedent, but that it is highly objectionable, in that it implies in advance doubt as to our right to the laws of the state which we have solemnly sworn to obey. We cannot suffer this imputation to pass without rebuke.

"The reference to the matter of revenue is in the highest degree offensive to us, and must of necessity be so to every self-respecting official."

The mayor concludes:

"We beg to state the police force of Charleston will be directed to discharge the duties imposed upon them by the dispensary law. The members of the force are conservators of the peace, and it is their duty to maintain, uphold and obey each and every part of the statute laws of South Carolina."

PASSENGER TRAIN HELD UP.

Nobody Was Hurt and the Robbers Got Very Little.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 18.—This city has been the scene of another train robbery. Five masked men held up the train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs road at an early hour this morning. The entire contents of the safe in the express car were secured by the robbers. No one was injured.

The robbers could not all be described, but are supposed to be the same gang that held up and robbed the Chicago fast train—the Ell—on the Hannibal, just a week ago last night. Two of the men answer the description of the two Ell robbers.

No estimate of the amount secured by the robbers can be obtained yet. Express messenger Baxter said this morning that he thought the amount was small.

"The robbers did not get enough to pay their livery bill this trip, I think," said Baggagemen Skinner. "I do not know the amount of money and valuables in the safe, but the amount was small."

IT WAS A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Michigan Constitutional Amendment Wasn't Correct.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 18.—At midnight Governor Rich sent for the representative of the Detroit Tribune and said he deemed it his duty to announce to the public the result of an investigation upon which he entered last week Friday, and which he had just completed. He said that he had discovered by calculations which had been proven correct by four different persons that the amendment of the constitution of Michigan increasing the salaries of certain state officials, which had been declared carried by the board of state canvassers, was in fact defeated by a very decisive majority.

The state officials whose salaries are affected by the amendment are the lieutenant governor, governor, secretary of state, commissioner of the land office, superintendent of public institutions, state treasurer, and attorney general. The latter two are not mentioned in the amendment, thus leaving their salaries to be fixed by the legislature, which was done, the treasurer's salary being increased from $1,000 to $2,500, and the attorney general's from $2,500, as fixed by the constitutional amendment of 1880, to $3,000.

FOR SHAME ON HER RELATIVES.

The Vice-President's First Cousin Will Go to the Poor House.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Belle Hull, an indigent widow living at Saugatuck, who is a first cousin of Vice President Stevenson, and was in early life a friend of Lincoln and Douglas, has lately become wholly incompetent mentally.

She has been supported for some time by an allowance of $10 monthly from a sister in Chicago, but that fund is now cut off and the Saugatuck authorities are making arrangements to send her to the county poor house.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON

Going Out West to Lecture on the Constitution.

Indianapolis, Jan. 19.—Ex-President Harrison is preparing for his trip to the Pacific coast, where he will fill his engagement made with Senator Stanford to give a six weeks' course of lectures at Leland Stanford University.

General Harrison said his lectures number six, giving one each week, covering the subject of constitutional law and constitutional history of the United States.

CATHOLIC PRIEST SENTENCED

To Twenty Years in the Minnesota Penitentiary.

Duluth, Jan. 20.—Father Connolly, the Catholic priest convicted of criminally assaulting Miss Julia Sutherland, a member of his congregation, was to-day sentenced to twenty years and three months imprisonment at hard labor.

Registration of Chinese.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—The Chinese consul, Li Ying Yu, has returned from Washington, and is now conferring with the Six Companies and Collector Wise as to the registration of Chinese. It is probable that an amended proclamation will be issued in Chinatown, advising Mongolians to register without delay.

Religion in Politics.

Albany, Jan. 17.—The Albany Ministers' association has determined to place a citizens' ticket in the field at the approaching spring election for city officers. A special effort will be made to nominate candidates favorable to the Sunday closing laws.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR WANT TO GET AN INJUNCTION.

Master Workman Sovereign Wants to Interfere on Behalf of the Taxpayers—Mr. Carlisle's Say.

Baltimore, Jan. 20.—A special to the News from Philadelphia says: Last night the following dispatch was sent from the Knights of Labor headquarters, after consultation among the officers present:

"J. R. Sovereign, General Master Workman, K. of L., Des Moines, Ia.:—Secure counsel and go before the United States Supreme court immediately. Enter injunction proceedings against Carlisle restraining him from issuing $50,000,000 of bonds. The interests of the people upon whom the burden of all taxation to pay the interest and principle of these bonds fall require that you should immediately take this step against the secretary of the United States Treasury, enjoining him from incurring any further debt while the resources of the government, if properly applied, are sufficient to meet all lawful demands.

"(Signed) JOHN W. HAYES,
"General Secretary-Treasurer K. of L."

The following telegram was received in reply by Secretary Hayes:

"DesMoines, Iowa, an. 19.—John W. Hayes, 814 N. Broad street:—Case submitted to counsel. If there is reasonable ground on which to force standing in court, injunction proceedings will begin at once. (Signed)

"J. R. SOVEREIGN,
"General Master Workman."

The News in Washington.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The Baltimore dispatch announcing a threatened injunction by the Knights of Labor against Secretary Carlisle to restrain him from issuing $50,000,000 in bonds, as contemplated by him, was taken to the Treasury department yesterday afternoon, and shown to the secretary. Mr. Carlisle merely read the dispatch, but declined to say anything whatever on the subject for publication. Other officials of the department to whom the dispatch was shown were not surprised on learning its contents.

The feeling of the Knights of Labor and of labor unions generally on the bond question was known to be unfavorable, as had been shown by the passage of resolutions against it. The officials were a unit in the opinion that the secretary had nothing more than a temporary delay to fear from injunction proceedings, and even this they did not think in the least degree probable. The secretary consulted the Attorney General, the law officer of the government, and the President, before issuing the bond call.

Applications for writs of injunction or mandamus against department officials are usually made to one of the justices of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia. An appeal from a decision of the Supreme court of the district would lie to the district court of appeals, but in the ordinary course of events could not be heard by the higher court for several months, unless an order advancing it on the calendar was made.

From the court of appeals the case might be taken to the United States Supreme court, if the discouragement that unquestionably would be made by the enjoiners in the lower courts did not cause them to cease their efforts. It is believed that no delay would be occasioned by these legal proceedings, as even a temporary injunction doubtless would be denied.

EX-SECRETARY FOSTER

On the New Bond Issue Proposed by Secretary Carlisle.

Toledo Daily Blade, Jan. 20.

Hon. Charles Foster, late secretary of the Treasury, is one of the trustees of the Toledo Asylum for the Insane, and was at the institution yesterday and to-day. He was interrogated by a Blade representative concerning the newspaper report, frequently repeated, that he prepared to issue bonds a year ago, but President Harrison stopped the proceeding.

"No, there is no truth in the story," promptly replied the ex-secretary. "It arose from the well-known fact that I favored a bond issue in case the gold reserve went below the hundred-million mark. But it did not drop below the line during the Harrison administration, and there was no need that the step should be taken.

"As to President Harrison, he never stated that he was opposed to a bond issue, if need arose. We never discussed the point, because the reserve never fell as low as the hundred-million line. I am of the impression that he would have favored the plan, had the Treasury gold fallen below that. The law of 1875 gives authority for the issue of bonds to keep the reserve of one hundred millions intact."

"Is not Secretary Carlisle then straining a point in this matter by offering more bonds than the deficit in the reserve?"

"It is my view," returned the ex-secretary contemplatively, "that the law did not contemplate the selling of bonds to meet current governmental expenses, which is really what Mr. Carlisle proposes. But he undoubtedly has authority to sell bonds to replenish the reserve. He can do that, and then pay them out for current expenses; then sell more bonds to bring up the reserve again, and so on."

"That is, Secretary Carlisle is complying with the letter of the law, but violating its spirit?"

"It might be justified by some great exigency, occurring during the recess of Congress; but with that body in session, it would have been far better, in my judgment, to have obtained express authority of law for a bond issue to meet the ordinary expenses of the government."

"He prefers, then to go back and find his authority in Republican financial legislation, rather than trust to a Democratic Congress for a new law?"

Mr. Foster laughed. "They all find it hard to do anything without following Republican precedents," he replied.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S NEPHEW

In in Desperate Straits in Tiffin—Disposed of a Fraudulent Draft.

Tiffin, O., Jan. 18.—F. D. Wanamaker, claiming to be a nephew of Postmaster General Wanamaker, and to be in the employ of the government, was arrested at Fostoria and brought here last night charged with disposing of a fraudulent draft to the proprietor of the Empire house of this city.

He is now in jail awaiting a hearing. This morning Wanamaker attempted suicide by hanging, but was cut down by the jail officials in time to save his life.

Monument at West Point.

West Point, Jan. 18.—The ponderous monolith for the Battle monument has reached here. It is a solid column, and occupies the length of two flat cars. It will now be moved to the top of the hill on Trophy Point. A railroad for that purpose is being rapidly constructed. The monolith is completely covered with canvas, and will not be exposed to view until the completion of the monument and the attending unveiling ceremonies, which will perhaps take place during the graduation exercises next June.

Blount's Flag Exhibited.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Among the exhibits loaned by the provisional government of Hawaii to the South Sea Island collection at the Midwinter Exposition, is the first American flag to be raised in the islands after the revolution, and which was afterwards hauled down by order of Commissioner Blount. The flag will be accompanied by vouchers and documents attesting its genuineness. There will also be a number of bags of sand which were used in fortifications by the provisional government.

Figures on the Bullion Product.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—The annual circular issued yesterday by the president of Wells, Fargo & Co., places the bullion product of the states and territories west of the Mississippi river, including British Columbia, at $104,000,000, consisting of $35,00,000 gold, $38,000,000 silver, $24,000,000 copper, and $7,000,000 lead.

Western Wool Growers.

Denver, Colo., Jan. 19.—In response to requests received from various wool growers' associations in the West, Governor Waite has issued a call for an international wool growers' convention, to meet in this city February 5, to take such action on the wool clause of the Wilson bill as may be deemed necessary.

As a Non-Union Plant.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 17.—The Sligo Iron Works started up as a non-union plant to-day, the management having positively refused to pay scale rates. The puddlers thereafter will receive only $4 per day. Manager Bailey states that a majority of the old employes are at work to-day.

A GENERAL STRIKE.

National Secretary P. McBryde on the Situation.

Pittsburg, Jan. 18.—National Secretary Patrick McBryde, of the United Mine Workers' union, says he expects a coal miners' strike in every state in the Union within a few months. Mr. McBryde says the miners are stimulated by the success of the big coal miners' strike in England recently, and at some day in the near future every miner in the United States would quit work and remain out until they were assured living wages.

In every mining state in the Union dissatisfaction prevails. The officers of the Mine Workers' union have abandoned the idea of securing justice from employers by fighting in districts, and plans for a general strike, which will involve 280,000 bituminous coal miners, are now being considered.

"Things are in such shape," said Mr. McBryde, "that the miners of the country must quit work, and quit together."

CHICAGO LEADS THE WORLD.

It Is the Greatest Grain and Provision Market on Earth.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—The annual report of the Board of Trade, just issued, shows that the actual business of the board, measured by the volume of property handled, was larger for 1893 than during any previous year excepting the phenomenal twelve months of 1892. Receipts of grain and flour (the latter reduced to bushels) were 247,000,000 bushels, only 8,000,000 bushels less than 1892.

The report shows a great shrinkage in speculation and intimates that the year was a bad one for the brokers. It winds up with this:

"During the last year we have shipped for actual consumption and for export more than 100,000,000 bushels of grain, 4,100,000 barrels of flour, 950,000,000 pounds of pork product and 1,237,000,000 pounds of beef and beef products, aggregating a value of not less than $250,000,000, making this the leading market of the world in grain and provisions."

CASE WAS DISMISSED.

Engineer Wooley Charged With Manslaughter at Battle Creek.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 17.—The case of manslaughter against Engineer Wooley was dismissed by Justice Henry this morning. Wooley was charged with manslaughter for disobeying orders on October 20 and causing his train to collide with No. 9, killing 28 persons and injuring 27. The conductor was arrested on the same charge, and was acquitted in the Circuit court.

FELL THROUGH A TRESTLE.

Construction Train in New Jersey—Many Injured.

New York, Jan. 17.—Information has just reached here that a construction train used on a temporary railroad in connection with the building of the new tunnel at Fair View, N. J., fell through the trestle this morning and killed one man and injured 28 others. The men are Italian laborers, at work under the trestle. Many of the injured are reported to be badly mangled and not expected to live.

OHIO MINERS AND THEIR WAGES.

President McBride Believes the Reduction Proposition Will Carry.

Columbus, O., Jan. 22.—(Special.)—Hon. John McBride, president of the Mine Workers' union, arrived in the city last night. He states that he believes the proposition to reduce the scale will carry, although the result will not be certainly known until the canvass of the votes begins to-morrow at noon. Mr. McBride says that the Commercial Gazette's account of the terrible condition of affairs in the mining regions is not overdrawn in the least.

FOREIGN.

FULL REPORT OF THE SIERRA LEONE AFFAIR

Sent by Lieut.-Col. Ellis to the British Foreign Office—Brutal Cruelty of the Sofas.

London, Jan. 20.—The foreign office received yesterday a dispatch from Lieut.-Col. A. B. Ellis, the British officer in command of the troops in Sierra Leone, West coast of Africa. The colonel furnishes details of the engagement fought between the frontier police and Sofas recently, during which 40 men of the former force, with a few native auxiliaries, defeated 4,000 Sofas, Gala, in Tonkla.

Colonel Ellis reports that Inspector Taylor, of the frontier police, was pursuing the Sofas, who had been ravaging and decimating a friendly country. During this pursuit the column arrived at the town of Kerrayemma, on December 31, and found the place to be a perfect charnel house. Scores of slaughtered captives, including women and children, were strewn about the neighborhood or piled inside the town.

Sick and wounded people were to be seen on all sides, and the stench from the putrifying bodies was horrible in the extreme. Inspector Taylor hastened in pursuit of the Sofas who had done this bloody work, and came close upon their trail on January 2 at Bagwema. The frontier police managed to approach the Sofa encampment without being observed, and found that the place was strongly protected by blockades and other defenses.

The police, however, carried the place by storm in a quarter of an hour, killing 200 Sofas and wounding 77 others. In addition, the frontier police captured all the guns and ammunition of the Sofas and rescued 400 slaves, the majority of whom were women and children.

The victory of the frontier police completely dispersed a horde of bloody slavers whose crimes have long been the terror of that portion of Africa. Some of the women and children released by the British forces were in a terrible state of weakness, due from sickness and lack of food, and it required the utmost care for days to save their lives.

Numbers of them have been brutally beaten, and upon their bodies were large sores made by the chains and irons with which the unfortunate captives had been bound.

The frontier police only lost two men during the engagement, and seem to have acted in a most thorough and skillful manner.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug gists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A FOREIGN BOOM.

Sent by Lieut.-Col. Ellis to the British Foreign Office—Brutal Cruelty of the Sofas.

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FIGHTING IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

Further News by Way of Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 19.—Advices from Rio Janeiro say that the insurgent warships continued the bombardment of the batteries at Nictheroy on the night of the 15th, and killed 50 of the government forces. The engagement had no decisive result.

The government forces will make an attempt to capture the island of Vianna, with a view to preventing the insurgents from renewing their stores there.

It is stated that President Peixoto is becoming suspicious of the fidelity of the government troops.

According to the news from Rio Grande Do Sul the insurgents have captured Paranagua, one of the most important towns in the provinces of Para.

CHINESE COTTON TRADE

Will Soon be Resuscitated at Shanghai.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 19.—The latest copy of the North China Daily News, just received, makes the announcement

WASHINGTON.

WILSON'S COMMITTEE DEFEATED.

Tom Johnson's Amendment for Free Wool at Once Carried.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Some routine business preceded the resumption of the tariff debate this morning. The day set apart for eulogies on the late Senator Stanford, of California, was, at the request of Mr. Loud, postponed until February 10.

The Speaker announced the following committee appointments: Foreign Affairs, Mr. Money, Mississippi; Judiciary, Mr. De Armond, Missouri; Naval Affairs and Expenditures in the Interior Department, Mr. Griffin, Michigan. On Library, Messrs. Compton, Maryland; Bartlett, New York, and Adams, Pennsylvania.

A resolution calling upon the secretary of War for information as to the amount necessary to improve the Big Sandy river at Louisa, Ky., was, on motion of Mr. Paynter, adopted. The House then went into consideration of the tariff bill.

The pending amendments were those fixing the date on which the free wool schedules should go into effect.

Mr. Morse (Rep., Massachusetts) maintained that the country had been carried by the tariff reform party by false pretenses, as shown by the result of the elections last fall, and contended that the tariff should not be tampered with until the people had another chance to express their opinion at a general election. When a blow was struck at great corporations, he said, it was a blow as well at the laboring men employed by those corporations.

Mr. Payne's amendment to the tariff bill, to make free wool go into effect October 1, 1898, was lost, 68 to 164.

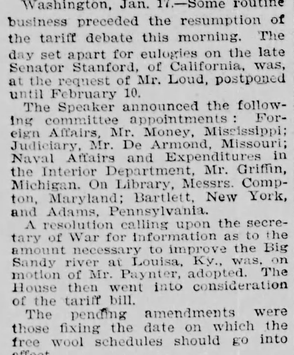
The Johnson amendment to have the free wool clause of the tariff bill go into effect immediately on the passage of the bill was carried, 112 to 102.

This was the first defeat for the committee.

SENATOR WALTHALL RESIGNS.

The Distinguished Mississippi Senator Will Retire.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Senator Edward C. Walthall, of Mississippi, has resigned on account of ill-health. This he has expressed a desire to do for some time. Long before the meeting of the Mississippi legislature he announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the Senate. His present term expires March 4, 1895. In spite of this he was unanimously elected to succeed himself for the term ending March 4, 1901. Senator Walthall yielded reluctantly to the requests of his friends to stay



SENATOR WALTHALL.

in public life. He was for many years the leader of the Mississippi bar. He was a brigadier general in the Confederate army. Senator Walthall was first appointed to the Senate to succeed L. Q. C. Lamar, who went into Cleveland's Cabinet. He was elected in 1886, re-elected in 1888 and in 1893. He is 63 years of age.

Among the men most prominently mentioned about the Capitol to-day as the successor of Senator Walthall are Representative John M. Allen, of the First district; Governor Stone, Attorney Gentral Marshall and Representative T. C. Catchings, of the Third district.

In the absence of Vice President Stevenson, the president pro tem, Senator Harris (Dem., Tennessee) again presided over the Senate.

The presiding officer said he regretted to lay before the Senate the following letter:

"To the Vice President of the United States:

"Sir:—I respectfully advise you that I have forwarded to the governor of Mississippi my resignation of the office of Senator, to take effect on the 24th inst.

"EDWARD C. WALTHALL."

The letter was placed on file.

Senator Peffer (Pop., Kansas) introduced a resolution reciting the recent letter of the secretary of the Treasury calling for bids for bonds, and declaring that the secretary of the Treasury "has no authority to issue bonds for any other purpose that stated in the resumption act, and that, in the opinion of this body, the secretary of the Treasury has no legal authority for issuing and selling bonds as proposed."

WAS FORMALLY ANNOUNCED.

Billy Hornblower's Rejection as Supreme Judge.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The Senate after an executive session yesterday made public the rejection of Hon. W. B. Hornblower to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, and of J. Scott Harrison to be surveyor of customs at Kansas City, Mo., and also the following confirmations: Wm. H. Brawley, to be District Judge for the district of South Carolina; S. A. Merritt, Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the Territory of Utah; A. C. Curtin, associate justice of the Supreme court of Oklhoma; Cato S. Ellis, attorney of the United States Northern district of Iowa; J. V. Guillotte, marshal for the Eastern district of Louisiana.

Receivers of Public Moneys—Frank Mills, at Evanston, Wyo.; Frank Harris, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Collectors of Customs—Nelson Baldwin, for the district of Erie, Pa.; S. H. Lane, for the district of Plumbing, N. C.; Stephen C. Slocum, district of Newport, R. I.; Thomas W. Lamb, district of Brunswick, Ga.

Collectors of Internal Revenue—Wm. J. Mize, first district of Illinois; Henry Blackman, district of Oregon; Melville E. Carter, for fifth district of North Carolina.

Registers of Land Offices—E. S. Johnson, at Cheyenne, Wyo.; William A. Mocker, at Evanston, Wyo.; Richard B. Hughes, surveyor-general of South Dakota.

George S. Doane, of Washington, D. C., Indian agent for the Quapawa agency, Indian Territory.

WILL PAY THE EXPENSES.

Joe Hooker Post Wants the Flag Raised on the Capitol.

Washington, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—Senator Sherman to-day introduced a petition from the Joe Hooker post of the Grand Army, of Cleveland, O., protesting against the hauling down of the national flag on the United States Capitol. The petition states that if the condition of the Treasury does not warrant the raising of the flag they will furnish the necessary funds and detail a body guard to protect it. The senators submitting a few remarks upon the petition.

MORE CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

Bill Introduced by Congressman Maguire, of California.

Washington, Jan. 19.—Representative Maguire (Dem., Cal.) has introduced a bill to regulate the mode of governing mail carriers.

The bill provides that no carrier shall be removed until after written charges shall have been preferred against him, and after the charges have been examined into by a board of review designated by the postmaster general.

A CALL FOR BIDS FOR BONDS. BONDS

For $50,000,000 Under His Present Authority—He Won't Wait for Congress.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Secretary Carlisle yesterday afternoon issued a circular inviting proposals for $50,000,000 5 per cent bonds redeemable at 5 per cent per annum. Allotments of bonds will be made to the highest bidders therefor, but no proposal will be considered at a lower price than 117.223, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent bond at par. The bonds will be in denominations of $50 and upwards. The full text of the circular follows:

Treasury Department,
Office of the Secretary,
Washington, Jan. 17, 1894.

By virtue of the authority contained in the act entitled "an act to provide for the resumption of specie payments," approved January 4, 1875, the secretary of the Treasury hereby offers for public subscription an issue of bonds of the United States to the amount of $50,000,000 in either registered or coupon form, in denomination of $50 and upwards, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the government after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Proposals for the whole or any part of these bonds will be received at the Treasury department, office of the secretary, until 12 o'clock noon on the first day of February, 1894. Proposals should state the amount of bonds desired, whether registered or coupon, and the premium which the subscriber proposes to pay, the place where it is desired that the bonds shall be delivered, and the office, whether that of the treasurer of the United States or an assistant treasurer of the United States, where it will be most convenient for the subscriber to deposit the amount of his subscription. Failure to specify the above particulars may cause the proposal to be rejected.

After February First.

As soon as practicable, after the first day of February, 1894, the allotment of bonds will be made to the highest bidders therefor, but no proposals will be considered at a lower price than 117,223, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent bond at par and the right to reject any and all proposals is hereby expressly reserved. In case the bids entitled to allotment exceed the bonds to be issued, they will be alloted pro rata.

Notice of the date of delivery of the bonds will be sent to the subscribers to whom allotments are made as soon as practicable, and within ten days from the date of such notice subscriptions must be paid in United States gold coin to the treasurer as the subscriber has designated, and if not so paid, the proposal may be rejected. The bonds will be dated February 1, 1894, and when payment is made therefor, as above, accrued interest on both principal and premium February 1, 1894, to date of payment, at the rate of interest realized to the subscriber on his investment, will be added.

All proposals should be addressed to the secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., and should be distinctly marked "proposals for subscriptions to 5 per cent bonds.

"J. G. CARLISLE, Secretary."

SILVER MEN AGAINST CARLISLE.

Senator Teller Expresses His Opinion on the Subject.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Senator Teller, the leader of the silver men in the Senate, is discussing the condition of the treasury, and the talk of legislation for its relief, said to-day that the proper solution of the problem was to be found in the coinage of the silver bullion in the treasury.

"It is bad policy," he said, "to borrow money when the government has on hand and lying idle material from which money can be made. What the country needs is more money not more gold especially, and $55,600,000 could be added immediately to this fund by issuing certificates against the seigniorage of the silver bullion now in the treasury. This could be followed by the coinage of the entire amount of this bullion. It is, I know, claimed by some that the law under which this bullion was accumulated, requires that it shall be held in the treasury in sufficient amount to redeem the certificates issued against it, but this is a mistake. It requires that the certificates shall be redeemed in coin and under the practice of the Treasury Department in redeeming the certificates in gold it is evident that it is entirely unnecessary to hold so much silver in the vaults of the treasury for this purpose."

MR. BAILEY'S RESOLUTION

As Was Finally Approved by the Sub-Committee.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The sub-committee of the judiciary committee of the House yesterday offered a favorable report on the resolution of Representative Bailey, declaring that the secretary of the treasury has no authority to issue bonds.

The following text of the resolution as agreed to by the sub-committee is as follows:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the House of Representatives that the secretary of the treasury has no authority under existing law to issue and sell the bonds of the United States except such as is conferred upon him by the act approved January 14, 1875, entitled, 'An act to provide for the resumption of specie payment,' and that the money derived from the sale of bonds issued under that act cannot be lawfully applied to any purpose except those specified therein."

The judiciary committee meets tomorrow, at which Mr. Bailey will make the report and endeavor to secure immediate action upon the report of the sub-committee. Even though the full committee adopts the report, the House cannot act upon it until after the tariff bill is disposed of.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S BROTHER

Was Rejected by the Senate in Executive Session.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The Senate in executive session yesterday rejected the nomination of J. Scott Harrison, to be surveyor of customs at Kansas City.

Mr. Harrison is a brother of ex-President Harrison, and was appointed over the protest of Senator Vest. A yea and nay vote was not asked upon the nomination after a statement of the case had been made by the Missouri Senators. There was some discussion over a minor Illinois postmaster where charges had been filed, but no action was taken.

BREAKING DOWN THE BARS.

Here is Some Southern Pension Legislation That's a Stunner.

Washington, Jan. 17.—The House committee on Pensions yesterday ordered a favorable report on the bill of Representative Moses to repeal that section of the revised statutes which reades "No moneyon accounnt of pensions shall be paid to any person, or to the widow, children or heirs of any deceased person, who in any manner voluntarily engaged in or aided or abetted the late rebellion against the authority of the United States."

The President Entertains.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The President and Mrs. Cleveland gave a dinner last evening at the White House to the members of the diplomatic corps. About fifty covers were laid, and the decorations, both about the table and about the reception rooms were superb.

RHEUMATIC

Sciatic, sharp and shooting pains, strains and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. It instantly relieves weak, painful kidneys, back ache, uterine pains and weaknesses, coughs, colds and chest pains. It *vitalizes* the nervous forces, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness when all others fail.

25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston

BILL NOW READY TO PRESENT TO CONGRESS.

Some of Its Most Important Features—Facts About the Income Tax to be Introduced.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The full text of the internal revenue bill, including the important income tax, has been agreed upon by the Democratic members of the ways and means committee. The bill provides that the income tax is to go into effect January 1, 1895, and that the first collection on incomes is to be made on July 1, 1895. All classes of incomes are included in the measure, and the uniform rate of two per cent tax on incomes over $4,000 is fixed.

Method for Collection.

The most important detail of the bill is the method provided for the levy and collection of taxes. It is made obligatory on all persons receiving individual incomes of over $3,500 to make a return to the local collector of internal revenue. These returns are gone over by the revenue collector, and a taxable list is made up of those whose incomes exceed $4,000. No tax is levied on these making a return above $3,500 and under $4,000, but the committee deemed it expedient to leave this margin of $500 below the exemption point in order that the returns might be sure to show all who are subject to the tax. In case a person having an income of over $3,500 fails to make a return, it becomes the duty of the revenue assessor to make inquiry as to the amount of the person's income. If this examination discloses that the income is above $4,000 the income is subjected to twice the ordinary tax under the law, and the party failing to make his return is deemed guilty of a criminal offense, and is made subject to fine and imprisonment.

The main purpose in framing the above provisions has been to avoid an inquisitorial operation of the law. The committee believes it will do away with the necessity of having assessors pry into the private business of people, unless the latter have a taxable income and try to evade the law.

Won't Have to Make Returns.

It is estimated that not more than 85,000 persons will be subject to this tax, so that a great majority of citizens will not have to make returns.

Provision is also made by which no information can be made public as to the details of the incomes reported by citizens. If such details become public it might injure the credit of a firm or individual. For that reason any public or private person who divulges any part of this information concerning incomes is made subject to criminal prosecution, with heavy fine and penalty. Particular provision is made for the collection of inheritance tax due on salaries, not only official salaries, but the salaries of individuals received from business firms, corporations, etc. The individual receiving the salary does not pay the tax, but it is made the duty of every government, state, county, and municipal disbursing officer to retain two per cent of all salaries over the taxable amount. This two per cent is to be taken out of the salaries in bulk at the last payment of salary for the year.

Out of the Salaries.

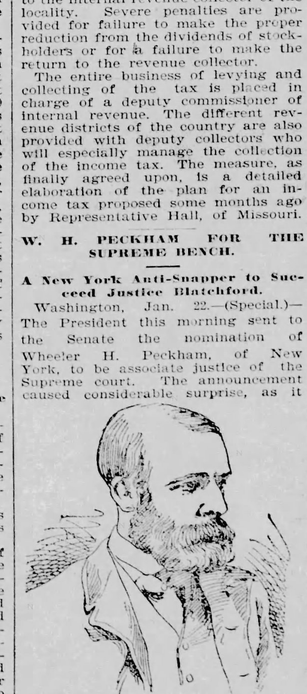
The tax upon corporations includes every phase of corporate stock. This tax is general and is without the $4,000 exemption allowed to individual incomes. It is provided that in collecting the tax on corporate stock, the corporation shall pay the tax and deduct the amount from the dividends of the stockholder. It is made the duty of each corporation to take two per cent of each annual corporate income from the amount set apart for each stockholder, and pay the total to the internal revenue collector of the locality. Severe penalties are provided for failure to make the proper reduction from the dividends of stockholders or for a failure to make the return to the revenue collector.

The entire business of levying and collecting of the tax is placed in charge of a deputy commissioner of internal revenue. The different revenue districts of the country are also provided with deputy collectors who will especially manage the collection of the income tax. The measure, as finally agreed upon, is a detailed elaboration of the plan for an income tax proposed some months ago by Representative Hall, of Missouri.

W. H. PECKHAM FOR THE SUPREME BENCH.

A New York Anti-Snapper to Succeed Justice Blatchford.

Washington, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—The President this morning sent to the Senate the nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the Supreme court. The announcement caused considerable surprise, as it



JUDGE WHEELER H. PECKHAM.

was not supposed that Mr. Cleveland would so soon give up the Hornblower fight. The new nominee has been a more prominent anti-snapper than Hornblower, and was more active in the movement against Maynard. Mr. Peckham has always maintained a high rank at the bar in New York. He is president of the New York State Bar association, is a prominent member of the reform club.

TO RAISE THE BEER TAX.

Plan of Senator Jones, of Arkansas, for Increased Revenue.

Washington, Jan. 19.—There are some members of the Senate finance committee who think that there should be an additional tax on beer. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is one of these. He is not decided as to whether he shall offer an amendment of this character to the internal revenue bill, but he is considering the matter.

"Beer," he said, in discussing he question to-day, "is now taxed a dollar a barrel. There are 32,000,000 barrels of this beverage manufactured in the United States, so that it is plain to be seen that if we must increase the revenue, as it appears that we must, if the expenses of the government are to continue as at present, an addition of a dollar a barrel would help out very materially. The total amount realized would be equal to about half the estimated deficit under the Wilson bill when it becomes a law.

"I know," he continued, "that it is objected to that it would not be political to tax the poor man's beverage, but I do not think that politics should be taken into consideration in arriving at a conclusion in so important a matter as the raising of revenue for a great government. I contend, however, that this increased tax would not affect the consumer at all.

It would add only about one-fifth of one cent a glass to the cost of beer, and it would of course be impossible to add this amount to the retail price of the article. As a matter of fact I am told that beer would now be sold for one or two cents less than it is but for the difficulty of making change, and the objection that most people have to carry pennies."

It is understood that Senator Voorhees does not think the country would accept with complacency an additional tax on the beer, and he would probably oppose a proposition in that direction.

To Pay the Bounty on Sugar.

Washington, Jan. 19.—It cost the government $138,586 to pay the bounty on sugar during the fiscal year of 1893. Of this amount that paid for addition deputies, clerks and employes, was $97,880, and that paid for sugar inspectors $39,200.

REPORT ON HAWAII.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs Roasts Cleveland.

Washington, Jan. 23.—In the Senate this morning, Mr. Turple, for the committee on Foreign Relations, reported favorably the resolution stating that, from the facts and papers laid before the Senate, it is unwise and inexpedient under the existing conditions to consider at this time any project of annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States; that the provisional government therein having been duly recognized, the highest international interest requires that it shall pursue its own line of policy. Foreign intervention in the political affairs of these islands would be regarded as an act unfriendly to the government of the United States.

"I am directed by the committee of Foreign Relations," said Senator Turpie, "to ask immediate consideration for this resolution. It is the unanimous expression of the committee, save the dissent of the Senator from Oregon (Mr. Dolph) to the first clause. I am also directed to say that this resolution has no relation to the special investigation now being made by the committee."

"I object to the present consideration of the resolution," said Senator Teller (Rep., Col.). "It has not been printed."

"Whenever that resolution comes up," added Senator Mills, "I shall ask for a division of the question."

"As this resolution may bring up considerable discussion," repeated Senator Teller, "it ought first to be printed."

Senator Turpie made another appeal, but Senator Teller insisted, and the resolution went over under the rules.

A bill for an American commission at the Antwerp, Belgium, international exposition was presented by Senator Manderson (Rep., Neb.).

ON THE FREE LIST

Go Raw and Refined Sugars Both.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The Warner amendment as a substitute to place all raw sugar and refined sugar on the free list has carried 161 to 38.

At the opening of the session of the House this morning, on the motion of Mr. Wise, the President's veto of the New York & New Jersey bridge bill was referred to the committee on interstate and foreign commerce.

A few minutes later when the House went into committee of the whole to resume the consideration of the tariff bill, Mr. Oates (Ala.) called attention to the peculiar complication that had arisen, owing to the failure of the committee yesterday to complete the consideration of the sugar schedule.

It came over as unfinished business, while by special arrangement made last Saturday to-day was set aside for the consideration of the coal and iron ore schedules. Some discussion followed as to the parliamentary status and it was finally decided by unanimous consent to go ahead with the vote on the sugar schedule and after that was disposed of, to take up coal and iron.

The pending question was the Robertson amendment imposing a duty on raw sugar and increasing the duty on refined sugar, as amended by Mr. Warner, placing both raw and refined sugar on the free list. The confusion entailed by these two incongruous amendments had first to be straightened out.

Mr. Dingley claimed that the Warner amendment was utterly inconsistent with the Robertson amendment and should be considered as a substitute. Mr. Robertson took issue with him, maintaining that the effect of Mr. Warner's amendment simply was to place refined sugar on the free list, leaving so much of his amendment as imposed a duty upon sugar below 16 Dutch standard unaffected.

LIL DENIES IT.

The Report That She Wants to Sue Uncle Sam.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The State Department has received a dispatch dated San Francisco from Samuel Parker, ex-prime minister and minister of foreign affairs in ex-Queen Liliuokalani's cabinet refuting the statement that the ex-queen has any intention of seeking damages from the United States government for her deposition from the throne of Hawaii.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 17.—(Special.)—Yesterday was the second day of the tariff debate under the five-minute rule. Most of the time was taken up debating the section providing that free wool clauses should go into effect in August, 1894. Mr. Johnson (Dem. O.) thought that this was too long. After a hot discussion the question went over until to-day. Unimportant amendments were offered and rejected. One increasing the duty on cigarettes from 50 cents a thousand to $1.50 for those in wrapped papers was adopted. The time in the Senate was taken up debating the President's last Hawaiian message. Senator Hoar criticized the President and Senators Gray and Daniels defended him.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The ways and means committee suffered their first severe defeat yesterday, when, by a vote of 112 to 101, the committee of the whole rejected Mr. Wilson's amendment fixing the date on which free wool should go into effect August 1, 1894, and adopted the substitute of Mr. Johnson, the Ohio free trader and single taxer, making it go into effect immediately upon the passage of the bill. Many of the Republicans voted with the radical Democrats for the substitute. Only one other amendment was acted on to-day, to allow the free entry in bond of machinery as well as the materials used in the construction of cars built for foreign account. The rest of the day was spent discussing an amendment of Mr. Burrows to substitute the present wool schedule for that proposed by the Wilson bill. In the evening Mr. Sperry, a Democratic Congressman from Connecticut, vigorously attacked the bill, and declared that if the country were to be called upon to decide to-day between free trade and protection, that the latter would win by a great majority.

The civil service law and the way it is administered was discussed in the Senate. Senator eBrry took exception to the policy of allowing the fourth-class postmasters to remain in office in order to carry out the spirit of the law. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, criticised the law and said it ought to be repealed. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, defended the law, and Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, said that it was a good law if carried out according to its intent and purpose.

The federal elections bill consumed a couple of hours, and Senator Chandler (Rep., N. H.) tried to secure an amendment recognizing the right of federal supervision over elections so far as to permit every candidate for Congress the privilege of appointing a watcher in each precinct to attend his interests and the registration and the election, but a vote was not reached. Senator Gray (Dem., Del.) tried to get the Republicans to name a day when they would bring a vote on them on the bill, but the request was evaded, and Senator Frye said he wanted to hear the other side discuss the question.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The House is making short progress with the amendments to the tariff bill. Only one week more remains and less than 20 amendments to about 1,000 paragraphs have been disposed of. The argument between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Dalzell over the proposition to put steel rails on the free list, was continued to-day. When the vote came the amendment was defeated, but only about 40 Democrats voted with their colleagues of the committee, while 70 voted with Johnson and the radicals.

Washington, Jan. 22.—Only one amendment was argued Saturday, relating to the tin-plate schedule. It was unimportant, however, affecting not the rates, but the technicalities of the trade, the Henderson amendment to substitute the existing rates on agricultural products, the Dingley amendment to change the rates on lime for 10 per cent ad valorem to a specific duty of six cents per hundred pounds, and the Crain amendment to reduce the duties on cotton and woolen goods from 45 per cent to 25 per cent was lost.

At 1:30 the President's secretary appeared with the Hawaiian message and the veto of New York and New Jersey bridge bill.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The Ways and Means committee suffered their first severe rebuff by the radical free trade Democrats of the House yesterday. Mr. McRae's amendment to the regular sugar schedule abolishing the bounty was adopted, in spite of the opposition of Chairman Wilson, by a vote of 135 to 69. A number of Republicans voted with the radical Democrats on the proposition.

In the Senate the nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the Supreme court, in place of the late Justice Blatchford, was received. Senator Peffer made a long speech on the civil service.

THIS CURIOUS THING

GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

Is a Sweat or Excretory Gland.
Its mouth is called a PORE.
There are 7,000,000 in the human skin.
Through them are discharged many impurities;
To close them means death.
Sluggish or clogged pores mean yellow, mothy skin, pimples, blotches, eczema.
The blood becomes impure.
Hence serious blood humors.
Perfect action of the pores
Means clear, wholesome skin
Means pure blood,
Means beauty and health.

Cuticura Resolvent

Exerts a peculiar, purifying action upon the skin, and through it upon the blood.
Thus its cures of distressing humors are speedy, permanent, and economical.
Like all of the CUTICURAS, it is pure, sweet, gentle, and effective. Mothers and children are its warmest friends.

Bad Complexions

Sluggish action of the pores also causes the complexion and skin to become dark, yellow, oily and mothy, giving rise to pimples, blackheads, roughness, redness, falling hair and baby blemishes.

The only reliable preventive and external cure is CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1; OINTMENT, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass. "All about the Skin and Blood," mailed free.

TOM JOHNSON'S AMENDMENT DEFEATED IN THE HOUSE.

He Wanted to Put Steel Rails on the Free List.

Washington, Jan. 19.—Before Mr. Dalzell was recognized to proceed with his speech begun yesterday, Mr. Wilson asked unanimous consent for three hours to be set aside next Monday for the consideration of amendments to the sugar schedule. This was agreed to.

Mr. Dalzell began by recapitulating the charges he had made against Mr. Johnson. He had shown, he said, that Mr. Johnson manufactured certain kinds of street railway rails, behind the protection of 190 patents, and wanted railway rails to go on the free list; that he coerced his employes in the face of winter and starvation into accepting wages one-third cash and two-thirds script; that he made an untrue statement and had altered the stenographer's notes, and lastly the scrip had been hawked about the streets of Johnstown, and had been bought in at a discount by a relative of Johnson's before it was redeemed at par.

Johnson replied to Dalzell in a semi-humorous vein. He said he had notified Dalzell that he was going to attack the steel rail pool, so that he might be prepared, but instead of making a defense, he made a personal attack upon him (Johnson). He (Johnson) did not claim to be a philanthropist. The Johnson amendment to put steel rails on the free list was lost, 79 to 109.

In the course of the debate Mr. Dalzell said: "I desire to say further that I do not believe he (Mr. Johnson) pays higher wages than his neighbors. I have this on the authority of the president of the Cambria Iron warks.

"When all else is gone," said Mr. Dalzell, "one arrow is left in the quiver of the free trade demagogue, abuse of Carnegie. (Republican applause.)

"Johnson and Carnegie stand in the same category, they are both robber barons, both have grown rich, but there the similarity ceases. (Applause.)

"In the midst of the prevailing distress, Carnegie, the true philanthropist, is giving $5,000 a day for the relief of the poor in Pittsburg, while the false philanthropist from Cleveland takes advantage of the winter's blast to dicker about the wages of his employes. (Applause.)

"Mr. Johnson," he continued sarcastically, "has waxed fat on the watered stock of his street railroads; his income from that source is $1,000 a day; his bank account is swelled by the manufacture of rails under the protection of patents—all this I suppose can be done outside of this chamber without criticism." (Applause.)

"But so long as I have a voice here," he concluded, "no one shall be allowed to masquerade as a philanthropist, and with shameless and unblushing effrontery propose to strike down a rival interest." The Republicans applauded Mr. Dalzell to the echo when he sat down, and the members flocked over to the Democratic side to listen to Mr. Johnson's reply to the bitter personal assault of his antagonist.

"The question before the committee is whether steel rails shall go on the free list," began Mr. Johnson, calmly. "I have listened to the fearful tirade against myself and my petitioners, but even confessing that all he says is true, that offers no reason why steel rails should not go on the free list. (Applase.) "The personal side of this controversy was not brought to this House by me. I notified Mr. Dalzell three days ago, that I intended to do what I have done, so that he might prepare to defend the steel rail pool. Instead of arming himself with arguments, he has brought pins here to stick into me. (Laughter).

"With reference to the personal charges he has made I desire to address myself briefly. The first that I am a monopolist. I plead guilty. (Laughter.) The next is that I am manufacturing a class of rails protected by 162 patents, and would not be affected by free rails. We only have 29 or 30 patents on rails; we tried to perpetuate the monopoly and control the market, but the courts decided against us. That threw us open to home competition. My amendment proposes to put girder rails on the free list so that we will be open to the world's competition. (Applause.)

Mr. Johnson went on to explain that the alternative was to reduce wages or close the mills entirely, as was done at Sparrows' Point, Md. As to the grave charge that in changing the record he had practiced a deceit upon the House, he explained that when he made his speech he was totally unprepared to answer the question Mr. Dalzell propounded to him. When he went home and consulted his records he found that he was slightly in error, and he had made the change to which Mr. Dalzell had alluded. But the first thing he had done the next day was to inform Mr. Dalzell of that fact. (Prolonged Democratic applause.) Was it fair, he inquired, for the gentleman from Pennsylvania not to mention that fact when he charged him with deceit? (Renewed applause.)

The gentleman had been so hard pressed, continued Mr. Johnson, that he had lugged in his wicked partner, Arthur J. Moxham. Mr. Moxham, although not a naturalized citizen, said he, when the flood at Johnstown left 125,000 people in the water and 6,000 drowned, was chosen dictator. He fed the living and buried the dead. (Applause.)

It was also true that he had purchased an engine in England, because he could not get it here until five months after the English manufacturers agreed to deliver it. In those five months he had paid out $175,000 in wages. (Applause.) The purchase of that engine had benefited American labor. The other personalities had been brought into this controversy by the eloquent advocate of the steel rail trust to cloud the argument. In all seriousness, he declared that this steel rail pool was only typical of other protected trusts, the existence of some of which was perhaps not so easy to prove as this. In concluding, he appealed to all Democrats to destroy those vampires that were sucking the life blood out of the people.

HAS GOT HILL'S BLOOD.

President Cleveland Vetoes His Pet Bridge Bill.

Washington, Jan. 20.—(Special.)—The President sent to Congress to-day without his approval the bill for a suspension bridge over the North River, commonly known as the "New York and New Jersey Bridge bill."

This is Senator Hill's pet scheme. He has worked incessantly to secure its passage ever since he has been in the Senate.

The vote on the passage of the bill was largely on party lines, and it will be impossible for the Democrats to override the veto, as the margin in favor of the bill in the Senate is small.

Senator Hill introduced the bill in the Senate when he first took his seat, and it hung fire throughout the entire period of the 52d Congress. It was bitterly opposed by Senator Frank Hiscock, Hill's Republican colleague, who charged that it was a Democratic scheme.

Its passage was defeated in the closing hours of the last session in the Senate.

It was passed, however, in the present Congress by the Democratic majority. When Hornblower was rejected it was predicted that the President would get square with Hill by vetoing his pet bill.

INCOME TAX BILL SUBMITTED

By a Majority of the Ways and Means Committee.

Washington, Jan. 22. The internal revenue bill, including the income tax, was submitted to the full ways and means committee this morning. Representative Cockran (Dem., N. Y.) endeavored to secure delay. He raised the point of no quorum. The Republicans of the committee did not vote. Messrs. Cockran and Stevens also refrained from voting.

The other Democrats voted to make the quorum, but they numbered only eight, one short of the necessary quorum. A hurried search was made for Representative Bryan, who happened to be absent. He came in, and this gave the necessary nine to do business. Mr. Cockran offered an amendment to each section of the bill, but pending the consideration of it the committee took a recess.

FRUITS OF THE WILSON BILL.

German Manufacturers Prepared for Our New Tariff.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Wm. D. Wamer, American consul at Cologne, Germany, is in Washington. His reports to the department of State contain valuable information regarding the commercial interests of Germany and the United States. In referring to the industrial conditions of Europe generally and Germany in particular, Mr. Wamer says that in the manufacturing lines the people are suffering from a lack of employment, brought on by overproduction.

German manufacturers have their warehouses filled up to the ceilings with goods ready for shipment as soon as the proposed tariff revision in the United States goes into effect. Throughout Germany it is understood that the new tariff law will become operative early in the present year, and the manufacturers of goods which find a ready sale in the United States are holding them back so as to avoid the present high duty.

PENSIONS FOR 1895

Will Amount to a Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The sub-committee of the House committee on Appropriations hopes to complete its work on the pension appropriation bill early in the week, probably to-day. The aggregate amount to be appropriated will be about $170,000,000. Commissioner Lochren having estimated for $162,000,570. This is quite significant. In view of the fact that this year's appropriations, including deficiencies, have amounted to $180,678,234. Ex-Commissioner Raum told the committee a year ago that pension appropriations had reached their maximum, one reason being that "the high-priced men die quickest," being disabled to a greater degree than others. Gen. Raum's predictions have, therefore, come true. If the "high-priced men" pensioners continues at the existing rate, the $150,000,000 to be appropriated for next year will undoubtedly be found excessive, and several millions may be covered back into the Treasury.

In Favor of the Republican.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The House committee on Elections, by a practically unanimous vote to-day, decided in favor of Thomas Settle, Republican, whose seat was contested by Williams, Democrat, from the Fifth North Carolina district. Mr. Paynter (Dem., Ky.) will make the report in favor of Settle.

THE DUAL LEGISLATURE.

The Republican End of It Will Transact Public Business.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 3.—Committees of the Democratic and Republican senates had a conference last night at which the Republicans demanded that the credentials of the senators-elect be received and every one seated without question was met with a printed reply containing a refusal and setting forth that it would be illegal to grant the demand.

The committees were in session nearly an hour, but there was merely an exchange of pleasantries after the reply of the Democratic senators had been received. "Both senates" held short sessions to-day, the Republicans at a conference decided to proceed with the passage of all such laws as they consider the people demanded in the way of reform and such as were in issue at the election last fall. These laws will be pushed through and both the house and the Republican senate will take a recess until some time in the summer. They propose to hold several sessions of this kind during the year. President Rogers of the Republican senate announced a number of joint committees.

SUSAN L. HODGE RESCUED.

A Gloucester Schooner Was in Sore Distress.

New York, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—While off the banks the French liner Bretagne rescued the crew of the Gloucester fishing schooner Susan L. Hodge, and to-day brought its members to this port. The schooner had drifted about in the waterlogged and dismantled vessel for six days. They were benumbed by cold their stores were nearly all spoiled, and when they were taken on board the big French liner they were in a sorry plight. There were sixteen on the schooner. The schooner sailed from Gloucester December 18, bound for the banks. It encountered a southeast gale January 12, which veered it to the westward. It was then 100 miles from Bonk Burgo.

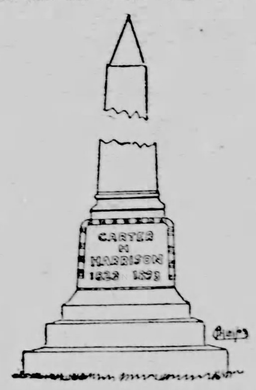
CARTER HARRISON'S MONUMENT.

Simple but Imposing in Design, and to Cost Five Thousand Dollars.

Barre, Vt., Jan. 22.—There is being built in this town, to be ready for shipment March 1, the monument that is to mark the last resting place of Carter H. Harrison, the late mayor of Chicago.

As will be seen by the accompanying illustration, the memorial is to be exceedingly simple in design, and is technically called a spire monument.

The first stone, or bottom base, is to be eight feet square. Above this are two other bases, a die and plinth, the whole to be surmounted by a shaft two feet six inches square and 28



THE CARTER HARRISON MONUMENT.

feet high. The distance from the ground to the apex of the spire is just 40 feet, and the monument when completed will weigh about 70,000 pounds.

The corners of the die will be carved, and on the front of this stone will be cut in four-inch raised polished letters, "Carter Harrison, 1825-1893."

Otherwise the entire surface will be plainly hammered. The monument will cost about $5,600.

A VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN

Will Now be Conducted by Col. Breckinridge.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 22.—Col. Breckinridge will make an aggressive canvass, the following circular letter, which he issued Saturday, insuring a most sensational campaign:

Dear Sir—The canvass for Congressman this is a serious one opened, and that very vigorously. My enemies are extremely busy and do not confine themselves to legitimate methods of canvassing. They are attempting to stab me in the back while I am here attending to my public duties. I cannot neglect these duties and leave the district unrepresented when important measures are pending and I must, therefore, throw myself upon the intelligence of friends and ask their help. I assure you I intend to make a defensive race. I ask your support, and I would take it as a favor if you would send me the names of the Democrats in your neighborhood and correspond with me from time to time. Very truly yours,

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

BIG FIND AT CUSTER CITY.

Miners Get Copper, Gold and Magnesite.

Custer City, S. D., Jan. 22.—(Special.)—An important mineral find was made during the last week at Pringle Station, in this county. It consists of a vein, three feet of which is exposed, in a vertical ledge bearing gold and copper, and is known to be thirty feet in width, neither wall being exposed. Magnesite, such as is used in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine explosives and employed as a bleaching agent in the manufacture of paper from wood pulp, is found in considerable quantities. It has been found in paying quantities only in the state of California previous to this find. It is valued at $14.50 per ton.

Money, Crops, Trade.

INDUSTRIES IMPROVING, BUT WAGES ARE GOING DOWN.

The Purchasing Power of the People Thus Reduced—Declining Prices in Many Manufactures.

New York, Jan. 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Aside from the offer of $50,600,000 United States 5 per cent ten year bonds, the decision of the secretary gives much satisfaction to all who care for a sound currency. Its necessary effect upon the Treasury were dangerously strengthening those who urged the issue of $50,000,000 more silver certificates against silver "seigniorage" to be